





P.O. angl.

360<sup>2</sup>

Shakespeare

GESCHENK  
FREDENIUS



THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH

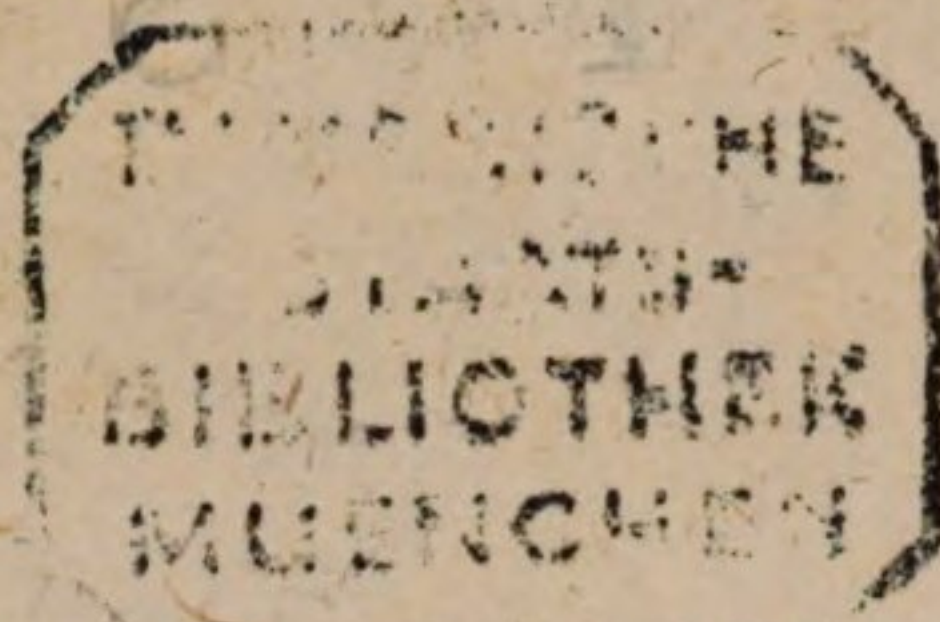






THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.







THE  
PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.  
CORIOLANUS.

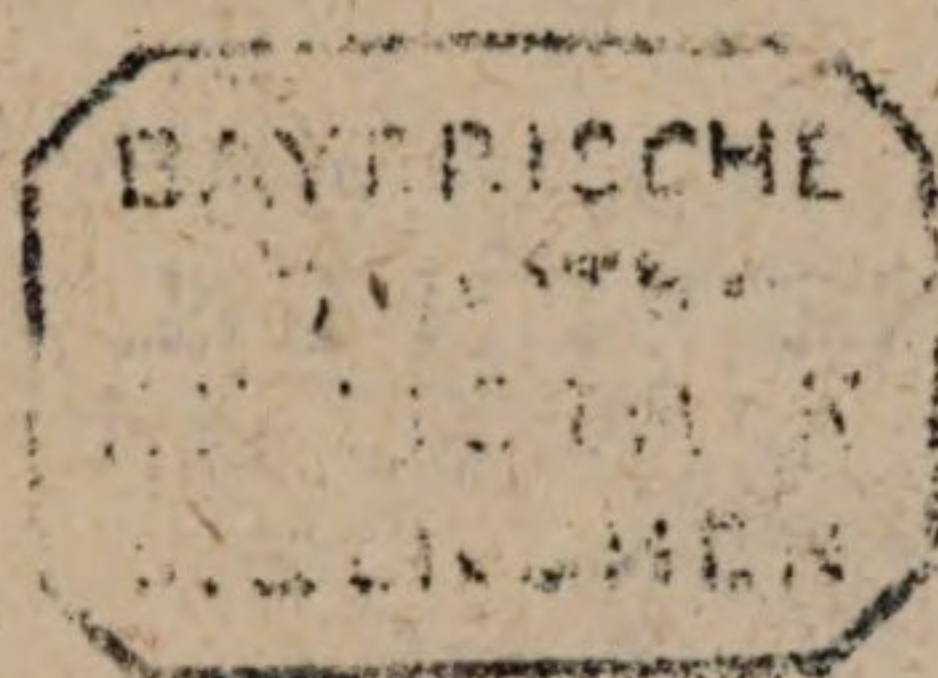
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BASIL:

Printed and fold by J. J. TOURNEISEN,

M, DCCC, I,







**TIMON OF ATHENS.\***

**VOL. XVII.**

**B**



\* TIMON OF ATHENS.] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

"The actors names.

- "Timon.
- "Laches, his faithful servant.
- "Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
- "Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.
- "Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.
- "Demeas, an orator.
- "Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man,
- "Hermogenes, a fidler.
- "Abyssus, a usurer.
- "Lollo, a cuntry clowne, Philargurus sonne.
- "Stilpo,
- "Speusippus, } Two lying philosophers.
- "Gruunio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
- "Obba, Tymon's butler.
- "Pædio, Gelasimus page.
- "Two serjeants.
- "A sailor.
- "Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
- "Blatte, her prattling nurse.

"SCENE, Athens."

STEEVENS.



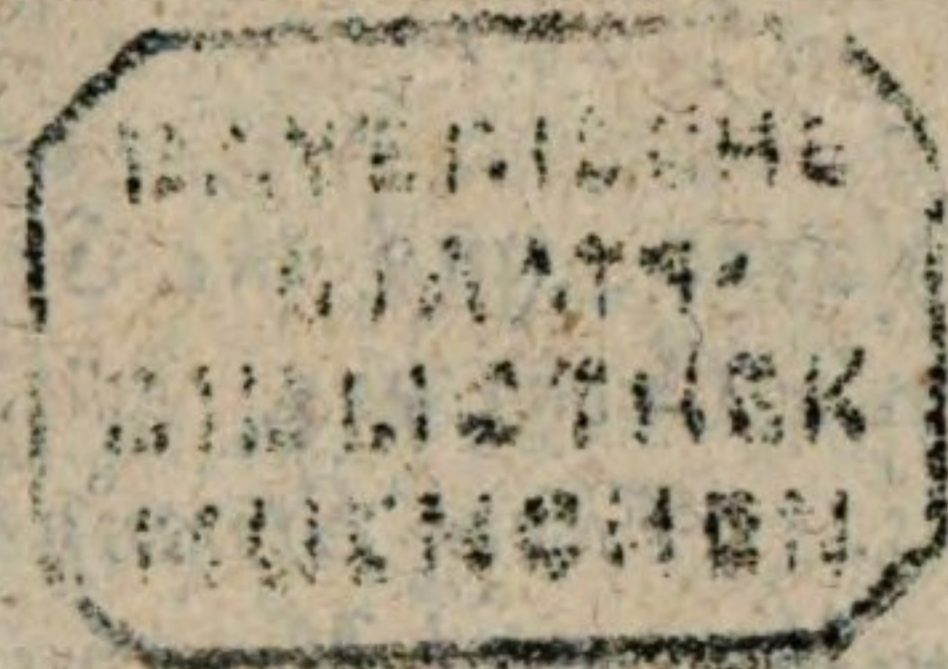
Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon. "Antony forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men; and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

*Timon of Athens* was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.





## PERSONS represented.

Timon, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius,  
Lucullus, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon,*  
Sempronius }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius, }  
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*  
Servilius, }

Caphis, }  
Philotus, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*  
Titus, }  
Lucius, }  
Hortensius, }

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore ;  
two of Timon's Creditors.*

*Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.*

*Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.*

*An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,\* }  
Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,  
and Attendants.*

*SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.*

\* *Phrynia,* ] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakespeare, *Phryne,*) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.



# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,<sup>2</sup> and Others, at several doors.*

POET. Good day, fir.<sup>3</sup>

PAIN. I am glad you are well.

POET. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

PAIN. It wears, fir, as it grows.

POET. Ay that's well known:  
But what particular rarity?<sup>4</sup> what strange,

<sup>2</sup> — Jeweller, Merchant, ] In the old copy: *Enter &c. Merchant and Mercer, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Poet. *Good day, fir.* ] It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

*Poet. Good day.*

*Pain. Good day, fir: I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The present deficiency in the metre also pleads strongly in behalf of the supplemental words proposed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *But what particular rarity? &c.* ] I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

*Poet. Ay, that's well known.*

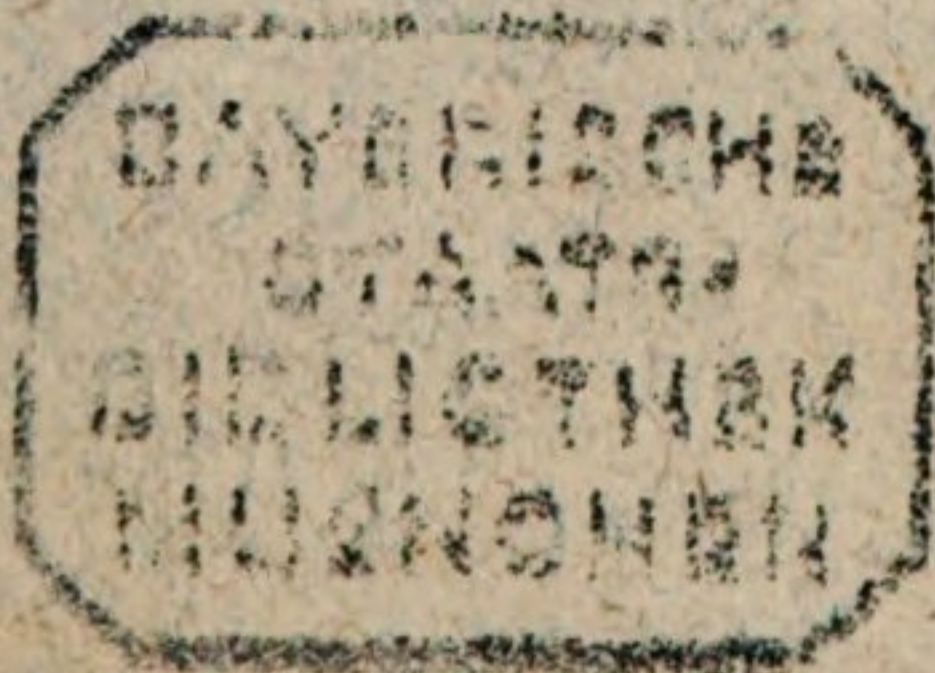
*But what particular rarity? what so strange,  
That manifold record not matches?*

*Pain. See!*

*Poet. Magick of bounty! &c.*

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

B 3





Which manifold record not matches? See,  
 Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
 Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

JEW. Nay, that's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as  
 it were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes: <sup>4</sup>

He passes. <sup>5</sup>

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as a *particular rarity*, which *manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. MASON.

The poet is led by what the painter has said, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened: — and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes: ] *Breathed* is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"It is the *breathing* time of day with me." STEEVENS.

—— continue — ] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:

"Her handmaids join'd in a *continue* yell."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *He passes*, ] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Why this *passes*, master Ford." STEEVENS.



JEW. I have a jewel here.<sup>6</sup>

MER. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,  
sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate:<sup>7</sup> But, for  
that——

POET. *When we for recompense<sup>8</sup> have prais'd the  
vile,*

*It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*

MER. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking on the jewel.*]

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look you.

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some  
dedication

To the great lord.

POET. A thing flipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes<sup>9</sup>

From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

<sup>6</sup> *He passes.*——

*I have a jewel here.*] The syllable wanting in this line, might  
be restored by reading:

*He passes.*—Look, *I have a jewel here.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *touch the estimate:*] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *When we for recompense &c.*] We must here suppose the poet  
busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the  
introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards  
gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> —— *which oozes*—] The folio copy reads — *which uses*.  
The modern editors have given it—*which issues*. JOHNSON.

*Gum and issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson.  
MALONE.

The two oldest copies read:

*Our poesie is as a gowne which uses.* STEEVENS.



Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes.<sup>2</sup> What have you there?

<sup>2</sup> — and, like the current, flies

*Each bound it chafes.*] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes*. WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgement. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another*. The old copy seems to read:

*Each bound it chafes.*

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the “— *se sequiturque fugitque* —” of the Roman poet. Somewhat similar occurs in *The Tempest*:

“Do *chase* the ebbing Neptune, and do *fly* him

“When he pursues.” STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises merely from the mistake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by Shakespeare as two distinct sentences. — It should be pointed thus, and then the sense will be evident:

———— our gentle flame

*Provokes itself, and like the current flies; —*

*Each bound it chafes.*

Our gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a current; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force. M. MASON.

In *Julius Cæsar*, we have—

“The troubled Tyber *chafing* with her shores,—”

Again, in *The Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

“Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his bounds,

“With raging billowes *flies* against the rocks,

“And to the shore sends forth his hideous sounds,” &c.

MALONE.



PAIN. A picture, fir. — And when comes your book forth?<sup>3</sup>

POET. Upon the heels<sup>4</sup> of my presentment,<sup>5</sup> fir. Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.<sup>6</sup>

POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.<sup>7</sup>

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the Poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> — And *when comes your book forth?*] And was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to perfect the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Upon the heels &c.*] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *presentment*] The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *'Tis a good piece.*] As the metre is here defective, it is not improbable that our author originally wrote —

*'Tis a good piece, indeed.*

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"'Tis grace indeed." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *this comes off well and excellent.*] The meaning is, the figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It comes off very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1608: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

"Cat. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly." STEEVENS.



PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing!<sup>8</sup> what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ———— *How this grace*

*Speaks his own standing!*] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

“ A station like the herald, Mercury

“ New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

“ At once on th’ eastern cliff of Paradise

“ He lights, and to his proper shape returns.

“ ——— Like Maia’s son he stood.” WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

————— *How this standing*

*Speaks his own graces!* ———

*How this posture displays its own gracefulness*. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

————— *How this grace*

*Speaks understanding! what a mental power*

*This eye shoots forth!* JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its center, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. iv:

“ ——— never saw I figures

“ So likely to report themselves.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *to the dumbness of the gesture*

*One might interpret.*] The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author’s time. The person



PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

POET. I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>2</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

Rather—one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— artificial strife — ] Strife for action or motion.

WARBURTON.

*Strife* is either the contest of art with nature:

*Hic ille est Raphaël, timuit, quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

"Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,  
"Hath paid the author a great share of life." &c.

STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout:

"This figure which thou here seest put,  
"It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:  
"Wherein the graver had a strife  
"With nature, to out-doo the life." HENLEY.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, the contest of art with nature, and not the contrast of forms or opposition of colours, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
"In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
"His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
"As if the dead the living should exceed;  
"So did this horse excell," &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Baron's Wars*,) there are two lines nearly resembling these:

"Done for the last with such exceeding life,  
"As art therein with nature were at *strife*." MALONE.



*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

PAIN. How this lord's follow'd!

POET. The senators of Athens; — Happy men! <sup>3</sup>

PAIN. Look, more!

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood  
of visitors. <sup>4</sup>

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world <sup>5</sup> doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, <sup>6</sup> but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: <sup>7</sup> no levell'd malice <sup>8</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *Happy men!*] Mr. Theobald reads — *happy man*; and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. MALONE.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *this confluence, this great flood of visitors.*] *Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *this beneath world* — ] So, in *Measure for Measure*, we have — “*This under generation*;” and in *King Richard II*: “—the lower world.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Halts not particularly,*] My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *In a wide sea of wax:*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron file. HANMER.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a file on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakspeare. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Asple observes in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progress of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that “the practice of writing on



Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you?

POET. I'll unbolt to you.<sup>9</sup>

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures,<sup>2</sup> as  
Of grave and austere quality.) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts;<sup>3</sup> yea, from the glass-fac'd flat-  
terer<sup>4</sup>

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Translation of the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*:

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the  
emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *no levell'd malice* &c.] To *level* is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll unbolt* — ] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *glib and slippery creatures*, ] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read — *natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Subdues —

*All sorts of hearts*; ] So, in *Othello*:

"My heart's subdued

"Even to the very quality of my lord." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *glass-fac'd flatterer* — ] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.



Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him,<sup>5</sup> and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I saw them speak together.<sup>6</sup>

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the  
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts,<sup>7</sup> all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states:<sup>8</sup> amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady<sup>9</sup> fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *even he drops down &c.* ] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers.

STEEVENS.

The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I saw them speak together.* ] The word — *together*, which only serves to interrupt the measure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occasionally omitted by our author, as unnecessary to sense, on similar occasions. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*: “—— Bring me to hear them speak;” i. e. to speak together, to converse. Again, in another of our author's plays: “When spoke you last?” Nor is the same phraseology, even at this hour, out of use.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *rank'd with all deserts,* ] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To propagate their states:* ] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd:* ———

——— *on this sovereign lady &c.* ] So, in *The Tempest*:

“—— bountiful fortune,

“Now my dear lady,” &c. MALONE.



PAIN. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.<sup>2</sup>  
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
 In our condition.<sup>3</sup>

POET. Nay, fir, but hear me on :  
 All those which were his fellows but of late,  
 (Some better than his value,) on the moment  
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,<sup>4</sup>  
 Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
 Drink the free air.<sup>5</sup>

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *conceiv'd to scope.* ] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *In our condition.* ] Condition for art. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ears,* ] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *through him*

*Drink the free air.* ] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

A similar phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: "By this air, the most divine tobacco I ever drank!" To drink, in both these instances, signifies to *inhale*. STEEVENS.

So, in our autho'r's *Venus and Adonis*:

"His nostrils drink the air:"

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"I drink the air before me." MALONE.



POET. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,<sup>6</sup>  
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'Tis common:  
 A thousand moral paintings I can show,<sup>7</sup>  
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune<sup>8</sup>  
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
 To show lord Timon, that mean eyes<sup>9</sup> have seen  
 The foot above the head.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *let him slip down,*] The old copy reads:  
 ——— *let him sit down.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A thousand moral paintings I can show,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *these quick blows of fortune* — ] [Old copy — *fortune's* — ] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as I have already observed in a note on *King John*, Vol. XI. p. 322, n. 3. The modern editors read, more elegantly, — *of fortune*. The alteration was first made in the second folio, from ignorance of Shakspeare's diction. MALONE.

Though I cannot impute such a correction to the ignorance of the person who made it, I can easily suppose what is here styled the phraseology of Shakspeare, to be only the mistake of a vulgar transcriber or printer. Had our author been constant in his use of this mode of speech (which is not the case) the propriety of Mr. Malone's remark would have been readily admitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *mean eyes* — ] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.



*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.*

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you?<sup>2</sup>

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which failing to him,<sup>3</sup>

Periods his comfort.<sup>4</sup>

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off

My friend when he must need me.<sup>5</sup> I do know him

A gentleman, that well deserves a help,

Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

VEN. SERV. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him; I will send his ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

<sup>2</sup> *Imprison'd is he, say you?* ] Here we have another interpolation destructive to the metre. Omitting—*is he*, we ought to read:

*Imprison'd, say you?* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *which failing to him,* ] Thus the second folio. The first omits—to him, and consequently mutilates the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Periods his comfort.* ] *To period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakespeare's introduction into the English language. I find it, however, used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:

“How easy could I *period* all my care.”

Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

“To *period* our vain-grievings.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *must need me.* ] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phrase,—“cannot but want my assistance.” STEEVENS.



'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.<sup>6</sup>—Fare you well.

VEN. SERV. All happiness to your honour!<sup>7</sup>

[*Exit.*]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

TIM. I have so: What of him?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATH. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift!  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well; what further?

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis not enough &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter*:

“ More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean

“ Only to help the poor—to beg again.” JOHNSON.

It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter, or dedication of that age; and Vol. XV. p. 366, where a Pursuivant, speaking to Lord Hastings, says,—“ I thank *your honour*.” STEEVENS.



OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
 On whom I may confer what I have got:  
 The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,  
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
 Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
 Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
 Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM.

The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon: <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Therefore he will be, Timon:* ] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent."

WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read;

*Therefore well be him, Timon:*

*His honesty rewards him in itself.*

That is, "If he is honest, *bene sit illi*, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter." The first transcriber probably wrote—*will be with him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, — *he will be*. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"—— May he continue

"Long in his highness' favour: *and do justice*

"For truth's sake and his conscience."

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

"This hath been

"Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour

"He will remain so." STEEVENS.

*Therefore he will be, Timon:* ] Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; and he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card*. The



His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.<sup>9</sup>

TIM. Does she love him?

OLD ATH. She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

TIM. [to LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be  
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?<sup>2</sup>

OLD ATH. Three talents, on the present; in fu-  
ture, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me  
long;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,

words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE

<sup>9</sup> ——— bear my daughter.] A similar expression occurs in *Othello*:

“What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,

“If he can carry her thus!” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband? ] The players, those avowed enemies to even a common ellipsis, have here again disordered the metre by interpolation. Will a single idea of our author's have been lost, if, omitting the useless and repeated words—*she be*, we should regulate the passage thus:

How shall she be

Endow'd, if mated with an equal husband? STEEVENS.



For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your  
lordship!

TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting; which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out.<sup>3</sup> I like your work;

<sup>2</sup> ———— *Never may*

*That state or fortune fall into my keeping,*

*Which is not ow'd to you!*] The meaning is, let me never  
henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to  
you: held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

So Lady. Macbeth says to Duncan:

“Your servants ever

“Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,

“To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

“Still to return *your own*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *pencil'd figures are*

*Even such as they give out.*] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they  
are what they profess to be. JOHNSON.



And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

PAIN.

The gods preserve you:

TIM. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your  
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEW.

What, my lord? dispraise?

TIM. A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw me quite.<sup>4</sup>

JEW.

My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well  
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: <sup>5</sup> believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.<sup>6</sup>

TIM.

Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord; he speaks the common  
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

<sup>4</sup> ——— unclaw me quite. ] To unclaw is to unwind a ball of thread. To unclaw a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Therefore as you unwind her love from him,—

“ You must provide to bottom it on me.”

See Vol. IV. p. 246, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Are prized by their masters: ] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— by wearing it. ] Old copy—by the wearing it.

STEEVENS.



*Enter APEMANTUS.*<sup>7</sup>

JEW. We will bear, with your lordship.

MER. He'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEM. Till I be gentle, stay for<sup>8</sup> thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog,<sup>9</sup> and these knaves honest,

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Apemantus.* ] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *stay for* — ] Old copy — *stay thou for* —. With Sir T. Hanmer I have omitted the useless *thou*, (which the compositor's eye might have caught from the following line,) because it disorders the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *When thou art Timon's dog,* ] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

This is spoken *σεικτικῶς*, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wot you who named me first the king's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has justly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where, Ulysses, desirous to avoid a kiss from Cressida says to her; give me one

“When Helen is a maid again,” &c. STEEVENS.



APEM. Are they not Athenians?<sup>7</sup>

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus.

APEM. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEM. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going?

APEM. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIM. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

APEM. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. You are a dog.<sup>8</sup>

APEM. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEM. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

<sup>7</sup> *Are they not Athenians?* ] The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Pain. You are a dog.* ] This speech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake: it evidently belongs to the former. RITSON.



APEM. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEM. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing,<sup>9</sup> which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

POET. How now, philosopher?

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feign'd, he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

APEM. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself?

<sup>9</sup> *Not so well as plain-dealing,* ] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."



APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.<sup>2</sup>—  
Art not thou a merchant?

<sup>2</sup> *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.* ] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text,

*That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord,*

it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II*:

“And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool.” WARBURTON.

The meaning may be,—I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr Heath reads:

*That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord.*

But the passage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

*Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.*

Or,

*Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit.* BLACKSTONE.

Perhaps we should read:

*That I had an angry wish to be a lord;*

meaning, that he would hate himself for having wished in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he says:

“Heavens, that I were a lord!” M. MASON.

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the common expression—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty arises here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, wrote:

*That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!*

*Art thou, &c.*

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished to be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies,—For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation—*To be a lord!*—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited.

MALONE.



MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

MER. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets found. Enter a Servant.*

TIM. What trumpet's that?

SERV. 'Tis Alcibiades, and  
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.<sup>3</sup>

TIM. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to  
us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*  
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,<sup>4</sup>  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

APEM. So, so! there!—  
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,  
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — all of companionship. ] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and, when dinner's done, ] And, which is wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey. ] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.



ALCIB. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir:  
Ere we depart,<sup>5</sup> we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

*Enter two Lords.*

1. LORD. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honest.

1. LORD. That time serves still.

APEM. The most accursed thou,<sup>6</sup> that still omit'st  
it.

2. LORD. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

APEM. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine  
heatfools.

2. LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I  
mean to give thee none.

<sup>5</sup> *Ere we depart,*] Who *depart*? Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald proposes — *do part*. Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in *King John*:

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question. See Vol. XI. p. 355, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The most accursed thou,*] Read:

*The more accursed thou,——.* RITSON.

So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“The more degenerate and base art thou——.” STEEVENS.



1. LORD, Hang thyself.

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the afs. [Exit.

1. LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2. LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed,<sup>7</sup> but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.<sup>8</sup>

1. LORD. The noblest mind he carries;  
Thatever govern'd man.

2. LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. LORD. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

<sup>7</sup> — no meed,] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

"Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

See Vol. XV. p. 45, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *All use of quittance.*] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.



## S C E N E II.

*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*<sup>8</sup>

VEN. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember<sup>9</sup>

My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose  
help  
I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

<sup>8</sup> ——— *discontentedly.*] The ancient stage-direction adds—*like himself.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember—*] The old copy reads—to remember. But I have omitted, for the sake of metre, and in conformity to our author's practice on other occasions, the adverb—to. Thus in *King Henry VIII.* Act IV. sc. ii. Vol. XVI. p. 158:

“ ——— Patience, is that letter

“ I caus'd you write, yet sent away?”

Every one must be aware that the particle—to was purposely left out, before the verb—*write.* STEEVENS.



If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare*

*To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.]* These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*

Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically, and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

*Our betters play that game; we must not dare*

*'T imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.* JOHNSON.

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon personally, who must therefore have seen and heard him; whereas it appears from a subsequent speech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he salutes him with some surprize—

“O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.”

The term—*our betters*, being used by the inferior classes of men when they speak of their superiors in the state, Shakspeare uses these words, with his usual laxity, to express persons of high rank and fortune. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*, A& III. sc. vi. Edgar says, (referring to the distracted king):

“When we *our betters* see bearing our woes,

“We scarcely think our miseries our foes.” STEEVENS.



VEN. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

TIM.

Nay, my lords, ceremony

Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss

On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*]

1. LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?<sup>2</sup>

TIM. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

APEM.

No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, that<sup>3</sup> *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.<sup>4</sup>

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine own peril,<sup>5</sup> Timon;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?* ] There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd." See *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *They say, my lords, that —* ] That was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *But yond' man's ever angry.* ] The old copy has—*very angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—But yon man's *very anger*; i. e. anger itself, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *at thine own peril,* ] The old copy reads—*at thine apperil*.



I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:<sup>6</sup> 'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEM. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.<sup>7</sup>—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood;<sup>8</sup> and all the madness is,

I have not been able to find such a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Apperil*, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other instance of it has been, or possibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual use in the metropolis, at this day.

RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *I myself would have no power:]* If this be the true reading, the sense is, — *all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune:*

I would myself have no *exclusive right or power in this house*. Perhaps we might read, — *I myself would have no poor*. I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune. JOHNSON.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: *I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent*. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests*." TYRWHITT.

These words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should*

*Ne'er flatter thee.]* The meaning is, — I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would flick in my throat. JOHNSON.

*For* has here perhaps the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

" — Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *so many dip their meat*

*In one man's blood;]* The allusion is to a pack of hounds



He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;<sup>8</sup>

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:<sup>9</sup>

Great men should drink with harness<sup>2</sup> on their  
throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart;<sup>3</sup> and let the health go  
round.

trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Methinks, they should invite them without knives;*] It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *windpipe's dangerous notes:*] The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* favour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *with harness* —] i. e. armour. See Vol. XI. p. 255, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *My lord, in heart;*] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus:

*My love in heart;* —

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I will be never more *in heart* to you."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act IV. sc. i:

" — *in heart* desiring still

"You may behold," &c.



2. LORD. Let it flow this way, my Good lord.

APEM. Flow this way!

A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well. Timon,  
Those healths<sup>4</sup> will make thee, and thy state, look  
ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:  
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to't:  
Rich men sin,<sup>5</sup> and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A & V. sc. ii:

“ — — Dost thou not wish in heart,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short?”

STEEVENSON.

<sup>4</sup> — — Timon,

*Those healths* — ] This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the copy; nor could it be exhibited as verse but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its present place. The transposition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and so have been misplaced. Yet, after all, I suspect many of the speeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a loose kind of metre, were intended by the author as prose; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Rich men sin*, ] Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*sing*. REED.



TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. LORD. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.<sup>6</sup>

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?' I

<sup>6</sup> ——— *for ever perfect.* ] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect; —."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart!* ] *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing. So, Milton:

"Relations dear, and all the *charities*

"Of father, son, and brother——."

*Alms*, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the *act*, but in the *disposition*.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this: — Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? JOHNSON.



have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.<sup>8</sup> O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and<sup>9</sup> would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!<sup>2</sup> Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:<sup>3</sup> to forget their faults, I drink to you.

<sup>8</sup> *I confirm you.* ] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and — ] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! ] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ These violent delights have violent ends,  
“ And in their triumph die.”

The old copy has — joys. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: ] In the original edition the words stand thus: Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you. Perhaps the true reading is this: Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you. Or it may be explained without any change. Mine eyes cannot hold out water, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.



APEM. Thou weep'st to make them drink,<sup>4</sup> Timon.

2. LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe<sup>5</sup> sprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. LORD. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APEM. Much!<sup>6</sup>

[*Tucket sounded.*]

<sup>4</sup> ———to make them drink, ] Sir T. Hanmer reads: — to make them drink thee; and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ———like a babe ] That is, a weeping babe. JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fairs, and *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragicall discours of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

"Men will not *looke for babes* in hollowd eyen."

STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception*, in the preceding line, shows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this passage is the true one. We have a similar imagery in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——and, almost like the gods,

"Does *thoughts* unveil in their dumb cradles." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Much!* ] Apemantus means to say, — That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expression of admiration. See Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 3. MALONE.

*Much!* is frequently used, as here, ironically, and with some indication of contempt. STEEVENS.



TIM. What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? What are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all  
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely  
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,  
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;

<sup>7</sup> *The ear, &c.* ] In former copies:

There *taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,*  
They *only now*—.

The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read:

Th'ear, *taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,*  
These *only now, &c.*

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch, and smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where speaking of a banquet, he says:

“ — all that may be had

“ To please the *eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,*

“ Are carefully provided.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors omit the word—*all*; but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The



They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.<sup>8</sup> [Exit CUPID.

1. LORD. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

*Musick. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

APEM. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance!<sup>9</sup> they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.<sup>2</sup>

corrupted word—*There*, shews that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the present arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monosyllabification needless. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Musick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

*Musick, make known their welcome.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

“We will require her welcome,—

“Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They dance!*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read:

*These are mad women.* TYRHWITT.

<sup>2</sup> *Like madness in the glory of this life,*

*As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.*] *The glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity.* JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not express *resemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this



We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up again,  
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's  
 not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears  
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?<sup>3</sup>  
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of  
 TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out  
 an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a  
 lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace,  
 fair ladies,<sup>4</sup>

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,<sup>5</sup>  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;<sup>6</sup>  
 I am to thank you for it.

life was like madness, but it was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — — *of their friends' gift?* ] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — — *fair ladies,* ] I should wish to read, for the sake of metre—*fairest ladies*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — — *lively lustre,* ] For the epithet—*lively*, we are indebted to the second folio: it is wanting in the first. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — — *mine own device;* ] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprize his guests. JOHNSON



1. LADY. My lord,<sup>7</sup> you take us even at the best.<sup>8</sup>

APEM. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking,<sup>9</sup> I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you:<sup>2</sup> Please you to dispose yourselves.

ALL LAB. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

TIM. Flavius,——

FLAV. My lord.

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

<sup>7</sup> 1. Lady. My lord, &c. In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 Lord. I have ventured to change it to the 1 Lady, as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnson, who observes, that *L* only was probably set down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is used in the old copy in this very scene, and in many other places. The next speech, however coarse the allusion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— even at the best.] Perhaps we should read:  
—— ever at the best.

So, *Ad III. sc. vi*:

“ Ever at the best.” TYRWHITT.

*Take us even at the best*, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. Mr. Malone's subsequent explanation, however, pleases me better than my own.

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, “ You have conceived the fairest of us,” (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene;) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book VI. c. ix:

“ He would commend his guift, and make the best.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— would not hold taking,] i. e. bear handling, words which (if my memory does not deceive me) are employed to the same purpose in another of our author's plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— there is an idle banquet

*Attends you:*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ We have a foolish trifling supper towards.” STEEVENS.



FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; <sup>3</sup> [*Aside.*

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. <sup>4</sup>

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind: <sup>5</sup>

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. <sup>6</sup>

[*Exit, and returns, with the casket.*

1. LORD. Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. LORD. Our horses.

TIM. O my friends, I have one word  
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

<sup>3</sup> *There is no crossing him in his humour;*] Read:

<sup>4</sup> *There is no crossing him in this his humour.* RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *he'd be cross'd then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, — *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

So, in *As you like it*: “ — yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.”

STEEVENS.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the senses intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*cross* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *had not eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

Perfius has a similar idea, Sat. I:

— *cui vivere fas est*

Occipiti cæco. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.



Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
Advance this jewel;<sup>7</sup>

Accept, and<sup>8</sup> wear it, kind my lord.

1. LORD. I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the  
senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near? why then another time I'll hear  
thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided<sup>9</sup>

To show them entertainment.

FLAV.

I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— to

Advance *this jewel*;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by  
wearing it. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Accept, and &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first, unme-  
trically—*Accept it*——. STEEVENS.

So, the Jeweller says in the preceding scene:

“ Things of like value, differing in the owners,

“ Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,

“ You mend the jewel by wearing it.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *I pr'ythee, let us be provided* —] As the measure is here im-  
perfect, we may reasonably suppose our author to have written:

*I pr'ythee let us be provided straight* —

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Make her grave *straight*.”

i. e. immediately. STEEVENS.



*Enter another Servant.*

2. SERV. May it please your honour, the lord  
Lucius, \*

Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

TIM. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3. SERV. Please you, my lord, that honourable  
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company  
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your  
honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; And let them be re-  
ceiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer.<sup>2</sup>—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good;

His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For every word; he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forc'd out!

<sup>2</sup> *And all out of an empty coffer.]* Read:

*And all the while out of an empty coffer.* RITSON.



Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

TIM. You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own me-  
rits:—

Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. LORD. With more than common thanks I will  
receive it.

3. LORD. O, he is the very foul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember me,<sup>3</sup> my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2. LORD. I beseech you,<sup>4</sup> pardon me, my lord, in  
that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true.<sup>5</sup> I'll call on you.

<sup>3</sup> ——— remember me,] I have added—*me*, for the sake of the  
measure. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ I do remember *me*,—Henry the sixth

“ Did prophecy ———.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I beseech you*,] Old copy, unmetrically,

O, *I beseech you*, ———.

The player editors have been liberal of their tragick O's, to the  
frequent injury of our author's measure. For the same reason I  
have expelled this exclamation from the beginning of the next  
speech but one. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll tell you true*.] Dr. Johnson reads, — *I tell you* &c. in which  
he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not  
affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be  
proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. Thus, in  
the first line of *King Henry V*:

“ My lord, *I'll tell you*, that self bill is urg'd —.”



ALL LORDS.

None so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations  
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms<sup>6</sup> to my friends,  
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defiled land,' my lord.

1. LORD. We are so virtuously bound,—

TIM. And so  
 Am I to you.

2. LORD. So infinitely endear'd,—

TIM. All to you.<sup>8</sup>—Lights, more lights.

Again, in *King John*:

"I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power, this night—"

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms* —] Thus the passage stood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who restored—*My thanks*.  
 JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Ay, defiled land,*] *I,* — is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies in *defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published:

*I defy land,* ——. JOHNSON.

*I* being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson.  
 MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *All to you.*] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.  
 So, *Macbeth*:

"All to all." STEEVENS.



1. LORD. The best of happiness,  
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

APEM. What a coil's here!  
Serving of becks,<sup>2</sup> and jutting out of bums!

<sup>9</sup> *Ready for his friends.*] I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read:

*Ready ever for his friends.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Serving of becks,*] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. So, Milton;

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

To serve a beck, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To serve a beck, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"And with a low beck

"Prevent a sharp check."

Again, in *The play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Then I to every soul again,

"Did give a beck them to retain."

In *Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the same word:

"I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"—— wanton looks,

"And privy becks, favouring incontinence."

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"And he that with a beck controuls the heavens."

It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a sign of invitation made by the hand. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a bow, and in Lyly's play, a nod of dignity or command; as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Yea Sylla with a beck could break thy neck."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment

"Which thou canst not with a beck perform incontinent?"

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

"And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete."

TYRWHITT.



I doubt whether their legs <sup>3</sup> be worth the fums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I'd be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for,  
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left  
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the  
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou  
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: <sup>4</sup>  
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay,  
An you begin to rail on society once,  
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better musick. [Exit.

APEM. So;—  
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,  
I'll lock <sup>5</sup>  
Thy heaven <sup>6</sup> from thee. O, that men's ears should  
be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> *I doubt whether their legs &c.* ] He plays upon the word *leg*,  
as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 286, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I fear me, thou,*  
*Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:* ] i. e. be ruined by  
his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then, I'll lock —* ]  
The measure will be restored by the omission of an unnecessary  
word—*me*:

*Thou'lt not hear now, — thou shalt not then, I'll lock —*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy heaven —* ] The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

SEN. And late, five thousand to Varro ; and to  
Isidore

He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty<sup>6</sup> more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses :<sup>7</sup> No porter at his gate ;

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice*, the only thing by which he could be saved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— twenty — ] Mr. Theobald has—*ten*. Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*twain*. REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,*  
And *able horses* : ] M. Theobald reads :

Ten *able horses*. STEEVENS.

“ If I want *gold* (says the senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would sell my *horse*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him ; why, I need but give my horse to Timon, to gain this point ; and it presently fetches me *an horse*.” But is that gaining the point proposed ? The first folio reads :

And *able horses* : ———



But rather one that smiles, and still invites<sup>8</sup>  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

The passage which Mr. Theobald would alter, means only this: "If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces more, but *able* horses." The same construction occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—— and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too."

Something similar occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

"—— some twenty, young and handsome,  
"As also able maids, for the court service."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were transposed at the press. Shakspeare might have written:

—— *it foals 'em straight*  
*And able horses.*

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is understood here after *me*.

We have had this sentiment differently expressed in the preceding act:

"—— no meed but he repays  
"Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,  
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding  
"All use of quittance." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *No porter at his gate;*

*But rather one that smiles, and still invites —*] I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575] "a porter, tall of person, big of lim, and *stearn* of countinauns." FARMER.

So also, in *A Knight's Conjuring &c.* by Decker: "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoes *porter* is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at Lordes gates &c. — yet hee's as *surly* as those key-turners are." STEEVENS.

The word — *one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate, to keep people out, but a person who invites them in.

M. MASON.



Can found his state in safety.<sup>9</sup> Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

CAPH. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd<sup>2</sup>  
With flight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,<sup>3</sup>  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *no reason*

*Can found his state in safety.*] [Old copy — *found.*] The supposed meaning of this must be, — *No reason*, by sounding, fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words stand, they imply, that *no reason* can safely *sound his state*. I read thus:

———— *no reason*

*Can found his state in safety.*—

*Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished.

JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Macbeth* affords countenance to Dr. Johnson's emendation:

“Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *be not ceas'd* — ] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*.”

Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“—— pity thy people's wrongs,

“And *cease* the clamours both of old and young.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *firrah*, ] was added for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:  
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
 Must not be tofs'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which flashes<sup>5</sup> now a phœnix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. I go, sir?<sup>6</sup> —take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.<sup>7</sup>

CAPH. I will, sir.

SEN. Go.

[ *Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> — a naked gull, ] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Which flashes &c. ] Which, the pronoun relative, relating to things, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to persons. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir? ] This last speech is not a captious repetition of what Caphis said, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatic writers, stands for—*ay*, as it does in this place.

M. MASON.

I have left Mr. M. Mason's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt. ] [ Old copy—And have the dates in. Come. ] Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour



## SCENE II.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

FLAV. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue; Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.<sup>9</sup>  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from  
                                  hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Never mind*

*Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.*] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

———— *Never mind*

*Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.*]

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." — "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.



*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Ifidore and Varro.*

CAPH. Good even, Varro : <sup>9</sup> What,  
You come for money ?

VAR. SERV. Is't not your business too ?

<sup>9</sup> *Good even, Varro :*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again, as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Ifidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Ifidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: "*Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro.*"

STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next act the servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth scene of the third act, where we find in the first folio, (p. 86, col. 2.) "*Enter Varro's man, meeting others.*" I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. MALONE.

*Good even*, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv :

"Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

"Mercutio. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

"Nur. Is it good den ?

"Merc. 'Tis no less I tell you; for the..... hand of the dial is now upon the..... of noon."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. sc. i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*.

TYRWHITT.



CAPH. It is ;—And yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV.

It is so.

CAPH. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

VAR. SERV.

I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords &c.*

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,<sup>3</sup>  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

CAPH. My lord, heré is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues? Whence are you?

CAPH.

Of Athens here, my lord.

TIM. Go to my steward.

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *we'll forth again,* ] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in 'till *five a clock* in the evening; what time it pleas'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after fore chased," &c. Again, "Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for coolness 'till about *five a clock*, her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

<sup>4</sup> *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,* ] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.



In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord, ——

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's fervant, my good lord, —

ISID. SERV. From Ifidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment, <sup>5</sup> ——

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's  
wants, ——

VAR. SERV. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,  
fix weeks,

And past, ——

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;  
And I am sent exprefsly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath: ——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[ *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I'll wait on you instantly. — Come hither, pray you.

[ *To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, <sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *He humbly prays your speedy payment,* ] As our author does not appear to have meant that the servant of Ifidore should be less civil than those of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at present imperfect, originally stood thus:

*He humbly prays your lordship's speedy payment.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *of date-broke bonds,* ] The old copy has:

—— *of debt, broken bonds.*

Mr. Malone very judiciously reads — *date-broken*. For the sake of measure I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “I have broke [i. e. broken] with her father.” STEEVENS.

To the present emendation I should not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that some change is absolutely necessary,



And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.

FLAV. I pray, draw near.  
[Exit FLAVIUS.

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.*

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with  
Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No, 'tis to thyself. — Come away.

[To the Fool.

and this appears to be established beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding scene:

“ And my reliances on his *fracted* dates. ”

The transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word, — *debt*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.* ] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.



ISID. SERV. [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!<sup>8</sup>

ALL. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Affes.

ALL. SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL. SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

FOOL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such

<sup>8</sup> *Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds &c.* ] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*

Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*

All. *What are we, Apemantus?*

Apem. *Affes.*

All. *Why?*

Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak &c.*

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed by Johnson is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compose a part of it. M. MASON.



60 TIMON OF ATHENS.

chickens as you are.<sup>8</sup> 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.<sup>9</sup>

APEM. Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *She's e'en setting on water to scald &c.* ] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought occurs in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

" — — look parboil'd,

" As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house."

STEEVENS.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry, instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6820:

" Without *scalding* they hem pulle." HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> 'Would, we could see you at Corinth. ] A cant name for a bawdyhouse, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "*Et CORINTHI supra mille prostitutas in templo Veneris assidue degere & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, & velut sacrorum ministras Deæ famulari.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smeðymnus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelates, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one." WARBURTON.

See Vol. XII. p. 256, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — — my mistress' page. ] In the first passage this Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

" All. How does your *mistress*? " — —

" Fool. My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an M only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the



PAGE. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEM. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

APEM. Canst not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*]

APEM. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

FOOL. Will you leave me there?

APEM. If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; 'would they served us!

APEM. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

“Where's Catus? My M. calls for him?”

Again, more appositely, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

“What ho, M. [*Master*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Mistress*] Lorenzo.”

In Vol. IX. p. 245, n. 9, and Vol. XIV. p. 194, n. 5, are found corruptions similar to the present, in consequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the MS. improperly. MALONE.



FOOL. Are you three usurers' men?

ALL. SERV. Ay, fool.

FOOL. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house<sup>3</sup> merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one:<sup>4</sup> He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

<sup>3</sup> — my mistress' house — ] Here again the old copy reads — *master's*. I have corrected it for the reason already assigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had silently made the same emendation; but in subsequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again restored.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — his artificial one: ] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEEVENS.



APEM. That answer might have become Ape-  
mantus.

ALL. SERV. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother,  
and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[ *Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

FLAV. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you  
anon. [ *Exeunt Serv.*

TIM. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this  
time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;  
That I might so have rated my expence,  
As I had leave of means?

FLAV. You would not hear me,  
At many leifures I propos'd.

TIM. Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister,<sup>5</sup>  
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

<sup>5</sup> ——— made your minister, ] So the original. The second folio  
and the later editions have all:

——— made you minister. JOHNSON.

The construction is:—And made that unaptness your minister.

MALONE.



Return so much,<sup>7</sup> I have shook my head, and wept;  
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have  
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,<sup>8</sup>  
 Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,<sup>9</sup>  
 The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

TIM.

Let all my land be sold.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Return so much,*] He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. See a note on the words—"with so many talents," p. 77, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *My dear-lov'd lord,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the epithet—*dear*, and consequently vitiates the measure.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,

*Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.*

WARBURTON.

I think Sir T. Hanmer right, and have received his emendation.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. "Though I tell you this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.*

Tim.

*Let all my land be sold.*] The re-



FLAV. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?<sup>3</sup>

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O my good lord, the world is but a word;<sup>4</sup>  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

redundancy of measure in this passage persuades me that it stood originally thus:

*Your greatest having lacks a half to pay  
Your present debts.*

Tim.

*Let all my land be sold.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — and at length

How goes our reckoning? ] This steward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have asked, what a lord seldom knows:

*How goes our reckoning?*

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

*Hold good our reckoning?* WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand.

JOHNSON.

How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *O my good lord, the world is but a word;* ] The meaning is, as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.



When all our offices<sup>5</sup> have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders;<sup>6</sup> when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,<sup>7</sup>  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

<sup>5</sup> — our offices — ] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domesticks, &c. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

“ Sent forth great largesse to your offices.”

Would Duncan have sent *largesse* to any but *servants*? See Vol. XI. p. 83, n. 8. It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, v. 8140, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

“ Houses of office stuffed with plentee

“ Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaile.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> With riotous feeders; ] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi: “ — — one who looks on feeders.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — a wasteful cock, ] i. e. a cockloft, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a cock or pipe with a turning stopple running to waste. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads — *lonely room*. MALONE.



TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?<sup>8</sup>  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?  
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.<sup>9</sup>  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience  
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument<sup>2</sup> of hearts by borrowing,

<sup>8</sup> *Who is not Timon's?*] I suppose we ought to read, for the sake of measure:

*Who is not lord Timon's?* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*

*Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.*] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And try the argument —*] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean contents, as the arguments of a book; or evidences and proofs.

JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are composed, what they



Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.<sup>3</sup>

FLAV. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some fort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,<sup>4</sup>

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends; You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there, ho!<sup>5</sup> — Flaminus!<sup>6</sup> Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

SERV. My lord, my lord, —

TIM. I will despatch you severally. — You, to  
lord Lucius, —

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day; — You, to Sempronius;  
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,

*have in them, &c.* The old copy reads — *argument*, not, as Dr. Johnson supposed — *arguments*. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "Have you heard the *argument*? Is there no offence in it?" Many more instances to the same purpose might be subjoined. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As I can bid thee speak.*] Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded measure that these words are a playhouse interpolation, I would not hesitate to omit them. They are understood, though not expressed. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *crown'd*,] i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Within there, ho!*] *Ho*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakspeare's use of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Flaminus!*] The old copy has — *Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably arose from *Fla.* only being set down in the MS. MALONE.



That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money: let the request  
Be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus?' humph!  
[ *Aside.*

TIM. Go you, sir, [ *To another Serv.* ] to the senators,<sup>8</sup>

( Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing, ) bid 'em send o'the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,  
( For that I knew it the most general way,<sup>9</sup> )  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can it be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate  
voice,

That now they are at fall,<sup>2</sup> want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-  
able, —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —  
but<sup>3</sup>

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature

<sup>7</sup> — lord *Lucullus*? ] As the steward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not scrupled to supply the title *lord*, which is wanting in the old copy, though necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Go you, sir, to the senators, ] To complete the line, we might read, as in the first scene of this play:

— the senators of Athens. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — I knew it the most general way, ] General is not speedy, but compendious, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — at fall, ] i. e. at an ebb. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — but — ] was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verse. STEEVENS.



May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis  
pity —

And so, intending<sup>4</sup> other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,<sup>5</sup>  
With certain half-caps,<sup>6</sup> and cold-moving nods,<sup>7</sup>  
They froze me into silence.

TIM.                      You gods, reward them! —  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:<sup>8</sup>  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *intending* — ] is regarding, turning their notice to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Good sir, *intend* this business. ”

See Vol. VII. p. 145, n. 6. STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

“ Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle. ”

Again, in Pasquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623;

“ For we have many secret ways to spend,

“ Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*. ”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *and these hard fractions*, ] Flavius, by *fractions*, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *half-caps*, ] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *cold-moving nods*, ] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

*Cold-moving* is the same as *coldly-moving*. So — *perpetual sober* gods, for *perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing* clouds, — *loving-jealous* — *flattering sweet*, &c. — Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Have their ingratitude in them hereditary*: ] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.



And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.<sup>9</sup> —  
Go to Ventidius, — [To a Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [To  
FLAVIUS,] be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously<sup>2</sup> I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee: — [To Serv.] Ventidius  
lately

Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate; when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from  
me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his friend,<sup>3</sup> which craves to be remem-  
ber'd

With those five talents: that had, — [To FLAVIUS,]  
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

<sup>9</sup> *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.*] The same thought  
occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,

“ Which shows all honour is departed from us,

“ And we are earth again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *ingeniously* —] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of  
*ingenuous*. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ A course of learning and ingenious studies.” REED.

<sup>3</sup> *Bid him suppose, some good necessity*

*Touches his friend,*] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an op-  
portunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in  
return for his former kindness: — or, some *honest* necessity, not  
the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble* bounty. I rather think  
this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

So afterwards:

“ If this occasion were not *virtuous*,

“ I should not urge it half so faithfully.” STEEVENS.



FLAV. I would, I could not think it;<sup>4</sup> That  
 thought is bounty's foe;  
 Being free<sup>5</sup> itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming  
 down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a  
 gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt  
 of a silver bason and ewer<sup>6</sup> to-night. Flaminius,

<sup>4</sup> I would, I could not think it; &c.] I concur in opinion with some former editors, that the words — *think it*, should be omitted. Every reader will mentally insert them from the speech of Timon, though they are not expressed in that of Flavius. The laws of metre, in my judgement, should supersede the authority of the players, who appear in many instances to have taken a designed ellipsis for an error of omission, to the repeated injury of our author's versification. I would read:

*I would, I could not: That thought's bounty's foe —.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — free —] is liberal, not parsimonious. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — a silver bason and ewer —] These utensils of silver being much in request in Shakspeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled



honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, fir.<sup>7</sup>—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAM. His health is well, fir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, fir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, fir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every

to place them in the house of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ ——— my house within the city

“ Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

“ *Basons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands.”

See Vol. IX. p. 319, n. 8. MALONE.

Our author, I believe, has introduced *basons and ewers* where they would certainly have been found. The Romans appear to have had them; and the forms of their utensils were generally copied from those of Greece. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *very respectfully welcome, fir.* ] i. e. respectfully. So, in *King John*:

“ 'Tis too *respective*,” &c.

See Vol. XI. p. 309, n. 5. STEEVENS.



man has his fault, and honesty is his;<sup>8</sup> I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

SERV. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

FLA. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCUL. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. — Get you gone, firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares<sup>9</sup> for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive, that liv'd?<sup>2</sup> Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

LUCUL. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit  
for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

<sup>8</sup> Every man has his fault, and honesty is his;] *Honesty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — — three solidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And we alive, that liv'd?] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, in so short a time. WARBURTON.



FLAM. May these add to the number that may  
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou disease of a friend,<sup>4</sup> and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights?<sup>5</sup> O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion!<sup>6</sup> This slave  
Unto his honour,<sup>7</sup> has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

<sup>3</sup> *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, *The Dead Man's Song*:

"And ladles full of melted gold

"Were poured downe their throates."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that Flaminus more "probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou disease of a friend,*] So, in *King Lear*:

"—— my daughter;

"Or rather, a disease" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—— passion!*] i. e. suffering. So, in *Macbeth*:

"You shall offend him, and extend his passion."

i. e. prolong his suffering. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Unto his honour,*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminus seems to mean is, — This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read—*Unto this hour*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour*, as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one. M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.



When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!

And, when he is sick to death,<sup>8</sup> let not that part of nature<sup>9</sup>

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!<sup>a</sup> [Exit.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to death,] If these words, which derange the metre, were omitted, would the sentiment of Flaminus be impaired?

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— of nature——] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*nurture*. JOHNSON.

*Of nature* is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminus considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— his hour!] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*.

STEEVENS.

*His* in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here I think "*his hour*" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life*.

If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his being miserable; that sickness may "play the torturer by small and small," and "have him nine whole years in killing." — "Live loath'd and long!" says Timon in a subsequent scene; and again:

"Decline to your confounding contraries,

"And yet confusion live!"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand *his hour* to mean *the hour of sickness*: and it must be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds support to his interpretation:

"This physick but *prolongs thy sickly days*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further support from a passage in *Coriolanus*, where Menenius says to the Roman sentinel: "Be that you are, *long*; and your misery increase with your age."

STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

LUC. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. STRAN. We know him for no less,<sup>3</sup> though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done<sup>4</sup> and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; <sup>5</sup> nay, urged

<sup>3</sup> *We know him for no less,*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for—to *acknowledge*. So, in *Coriolanus*, A& V. sc. v:

“ ——— You are to *know*

“ That prosperously I have attempted, and

“ With bloody passage led your wars—” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *are done* —] i. e. consumed. See Vol. XIV. p. 123, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *to borrow so many talents;*] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily — *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: “ And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having



extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How?

2. STRAN. "I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,<sup>6</sup> I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.'

*reigned such a time, [ i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be, ] lived and died a virgin."*

So, Holinshed: "The bishop commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, *in such a place.*" We should now write—in a *certain* place.

Again, in the Account-book, kept by Emson in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his History of that king:

"Item, Received of *such a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be repaid."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his estate,) is yet the phraseology of Scotland.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, ]* We should read: *mistook'd him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him.*

WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read — *yet had he missed him.* Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied &c.

STEEVENS.

That is, "had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne'er" &c. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received



*Enter SERVILIUS.*

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.— My honour'd lord,—  
[ *To LUCIUS.*

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.<sup>8</sup>

such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should no have denied him so many talents. M. MASON.

*Had he mistook him* means, had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and send to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *mistook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *denied his occasion* so many talents.] i. e. a certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want. This passage, as well as a former, (see n. 5, p. 77,) shews that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *with so many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of talents wanted was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character, spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.



LUC. I know, his lordship is but merry with me ;  
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.  
If his occasion were not virtuous,<sup>9</sup>  
I should no urge it half so faithfully.<sup>2</sup>

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SER. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish  
myself against such a good time, when I might have  
shown myself honourable? how unluckily it hap-  
pen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a  
little part, and undo a great deal of honour?<sup>3</sup>—

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind  
of phraseology in many books of Shakspeare's age. In *Julius*  
*Cæsar* we have the phrase used here. Lucilius says to his adver-  
sary:

“ There is *so much*, that thou wilt kill me straight.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] *Virtuous* for strong, forcible,  
pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be—If he did not want it for  
a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

“ Some *good necessity* touches his friend.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore,  
without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*.  
But he might have seen, that Shakspeare used *faithfully* for fer-  
vently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous*  
for forcible. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* usually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and*  
*undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a seeming plausible  
antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at  
the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only sub-  
stantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis  
improved by the sense which my emendation gives? “ That I  
should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!”

THEOBALD.



Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind;—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park.*

JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation. and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place,) in a legal sense. See Jacobs's Dictionary.

STEEVENS.

I am neither satisfied with the amendments proposed, or with Steevens's explanation of the present reading; and have little doubt but we should read "*purchase for a little port,*" instead of *part*, and the meaning will then be—"How unlucky was I to have purchased, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means disabled myself from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *show*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's reading is the true one. I once suspected the phrase "*purchase for;*" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and those of his contemporaries, has shewn me the folly of suspecting corruptions in the text, merely because it exhibits a different phraseology from that used at this day.

MALONE.



True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit Lucius.]

1. STRAN. Do you observe this, Hostilius?<sup>4</sup>

2. STRAN. Ay, too well.

1. STRAN. Why this

Is the world's foul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit.<sup>5</sup> Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish?<sup>6</sup> for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

<sup>4</sup> *Do you observe this, Hostilius?*] I am willing to believe, for the sake of metre, that our author wrote:

*Observe you this, Hostilius?*

*Ay, too well.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *flatterer's spirit.*] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read:

*Why, this is the world's foul;*

*And just of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.*

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

*Why, this is the world's sport;*

*Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.*

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. This, says he, is the soul or spirit of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the transposition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for verse. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *that dips in the same dish?*] This phrase is scriptural. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish." *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS.



And kept his credit with his purse;  
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks.  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
 And yet, (O, see the monstrosity of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)  
 He does deny him, in respect of his,<sup>7</sup>  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. STRAN. Religion groans at it.

1. STRAN. For mine own part,  
 I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — in respect of his,] i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

*In respect of his fortune:* what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Does not *his* refer to the *lip of Timon*? — Though Lucius himself drink from a silver cup which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuses to *Timon*, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *I would have put my wealth into donation,*

*And the best half should have return'd to him,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*I would have put my wealth into partition,*

*And the best half should have attorn'd to him, — —.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning.

JOHNSON.

*Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him. Either*



So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;  
For policy fits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not choose to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

The following lines, however, in *Hamlet*, A& II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is somewhat doubtful:

“Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*, A& III. sc. iv:

“And madst me *put into contempt* the suits  
Of princely fellows,” &c.

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have returned him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. Lady Macbeth has nearly the same sentiment:

“\_\_\_\_\_ in compt  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to *return your own*.” STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this passage arises from the word *return'd*: Warburton proposes to read *attorn'd*; but that word always relates to persons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the passage appears to be this:—“Though I never tasted of Timon's bounty, yet I have such an esteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I should have considered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again.” To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to suppose it a donation.

M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (says the speaker) I never tasted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *supposed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phrase,—*Put yourself* [i. e. suppose yourself] in my place. The passages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully support the phrase—*into donation*.

“*Return'd to him*” necessarily includes the idea of having *come from him*, and therefore can not mean simply—*found its way*, the interpretation first given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!  
'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison:<sup>9</sup> All these three<sup>2</sup>  
Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. O my lord,  
They have all been touch'd,<sup>3</sup> and found base metal;  
for

They have all deny'd him?

SEM. How! have they deny'd him?  
Has Ventidius<sup>4</sup> and Lucullus deny'd him?

<sup>9</sup> *And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison:* ] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee

"From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,

"To trample ore mee in my misery?" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *these three*—] The word *three* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the measure; as was the exclamation *O*, for the same reason, in the following speech. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They have all been touch'd,* ] That is, *tried*, alluding to the touchstone. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

"To try, if thou be current gold, indeed." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Has Ventidius &c.* ] With this mutilated and therefore rugged speech no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. Sir T. Hanmer thus reforms the first part of it:

*Have Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,*

*Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?*



And does he fend to me? Three? humph! —  
 It shows but little love or judgement in him.  
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
 Thrive, give him over;<sup>5</sup> Must I take the cure upon  
 me?

Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor:

*Deny'd him, say you? and does he fend to me?*

*Three? humph!*

*It shows &c.*

But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profess my inability to repair. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over;] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They give him over *shriv'd*; that is, prepared for immediate death by shrift. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, is the best comment after all:

“ ——— Physicians thus

“ *With their hands full of money, use to give o'er*

“ *Their patients.*”

The passage will then mean: — “His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him, or give his case up as desperate.*” *To give over* in *The Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

“ And therefore let me be thus bold with you

“ *To give you over* at this first encounter,

“ Unless you will accompany me thither.” STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, the first and principal corrupter of these plays, for *Thrive*, substituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we find:

“ ——— Use me well, you were best;

“ What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing.”



He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

Apparently from *Othello*:

"Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;

"From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

"——— Satisfy thy longing;

"The only way to make thee keep thy counsel,

"Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *King Henry IV. Part I*:

"——— for secrecy

"No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

"Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils."

So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— 'tis the eye of childhood

"That fears a painted devil."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

"——— the secret of my prince,

"Which I will wear i'th' inside of my heart."

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet*:

"——— Give me the man

"That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

"In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."

*The White Devil* was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, A& IV. sc. ii.; and the last scene of the fourth act of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, which seems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, A& IV. sc. ii.

*The Dutchess of Malfy* had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

"To make a child new-swaddled to proceed

"Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webster's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it first appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the press, but our author's original word, which Webster imitated, not from the printed book, but from the representation of the play, or the Ms. copy.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the dutchess, who, like Desdemona, is strangled, revives after long seeming dead, speaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.



That might have known my place: I see no sense  
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er receiv'd gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove

An argument of laughter to the rest,

And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.<sup>6</sup>

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I had such a courage<sup>7</sup> to do him good. But now  
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

SERV. Excellent!<sup>8</sup> Your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made  
man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot  
think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will  
set him clear.<sup>9</sup> How fairly this lord strives to ap-

<sup>6</sup> *And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.* ] [Old copy — and  
*'mongst lords be thought a fool.* ] The personal pronoun was inserted  
by the editor of the second folio. MALONE

I have changed the position of the personal pronoun, and added  
*the* for the sake of metre, which, in too many parts of this play, is  
incorrigible. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I had such a courage—* ] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Excellent! &c.* ] I suppose the former part of this speech to  
have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though  
the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables  
necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such ad-  
ditions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text. STEEVENS.

I suspect no omission whatsoever here. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he  
cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies  
of man will set him clear.* ] I cannot but think that the negative



pear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like

not has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words.

JOHNSON.

—— will set him clear.] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* must be supposed to know what he did; but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being puzzled and outdone, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we say, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *cross'd* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To *cross himself* may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not what he did may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex. — If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is nearly right, but I don't see how the insertion of the negative injures the sense, or why that should be considered as a corruption. Servilius means to say, that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himself by it; for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnson has rightly explained the words, "he crossed himself by it." — So, in *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says of himself:

" ————— It is I

" That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,

" By being worse than they." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this: — *The devil did not know what he*



those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.<sup>2</sup>

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,

*was about, [ how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished ] when he made man crafty and interested ; he thwarted himself by it ; [ by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him ; ] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.*

*Clear* is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ ——— nothing but heart's sorrow,

“ And a *clear* life ensuing.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

————— This Duncan

“ Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

“ So *clear* in his great office,—”.

Again, in the play before us :

“ Roots, ye *clear* gods !”

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

“ ——— I know myself am *clear*

“ As is the new-born infant.” MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself *clear*, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom.

RITSON.

Concerning this difficult passage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myself am in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil,—*puzzled*, instead of being *set clear* by them.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those &c. ]* This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples ; which makes him say, that under zeal for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire. So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one : but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker.

WARBURTON.



Save the gods only :<sup>3</sup> Now his friends are dead,  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.<sup>4</sup>  
[Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two servants of Varro, and the servant of  
 Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other  
 servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming  
 out.*

VAR. SERV. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and  
 Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and, I think,  
 One business does command us all ; for mine  
 Is money.

TIT. So is theirs and ours.

<sup>3</sup> *Save the gods only :*] Old copy — *Save only the gods.* The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, A& III. sc. ii: "You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will *keep the house.*"  
STEEVENS.



*Enter PHILOTUS.*

LUC. SERV. And fir  
 Philotus too!  
 PHI. Good day at once.  
 LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother,  
 What do you think the hour?  
 PHI. Labouring for nine.  
 LUC. SERV. So much?  
 PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?  
 LUC. SERV. Not yet.  
 PHI. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at  
 seven.  
 LUC. SERV. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter  
 with him:  
 You must confider, that a prodigal courfe  
 Is like the fun's;<sup>5</sup> but not, like his, recoverable.  
 I fear,  
 'Tis deepeft winter in lord Timon's purfe;  
 That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
 Find little.<sup>6</sup>  
 PHI. I am of your fear for that.

<sup>5</sup> ——— a prodigal courfe

*Is like the fun's;*] That is, like him in blaze and fplendor.

“*Soles occidere & redire poffunt.*” Catul. JOHNSON.

Theobald and the fubfequent editors, elegantly enough, but without neceffity, read—a *prodigal's* courfe. We have the fame phrafe as that in the text in the laft couplet of the preceding fcene:

“And this is all a *liberal courfe* allows.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— reach deep enough, and yet

*Find little.*] Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which fome animals are obliged to feek their fcanty provifion through a depth of fnow. STEEVENS.



TIT. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. SERV. Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I am weary of this charge,<sup>7</sup> the gods can  
witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1. VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:  
What's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

1. VAR. SERV. 'Tis much deep: and it should  
seem by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this commission, of this employment. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Else, surely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his (i. e. my master's) debt (i. e. the money due do him from Timon) would certainly have been as great as your master's (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so.* RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendship subsisting between your master [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the



*Enter* FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! fir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised* from *three thousand crowns* to *five thousand*."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C. for five, and C. requests that he may lend A. precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The word of Varro's servant therefore may mean, Else surely the *same* sums had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from my master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a REMARKER [Mr. Ritson] has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible.

This Remarker, however, it is observable, after saying, that he shall take no notice of *such see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely. MALONE.

It must be perfectly clear, that the Remarker could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himself of the above Remark, to vary the expression of his conjecture, and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had. RITSON.



FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

I. VAR. SERV. By your leave, sir,—

FLAV. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money, here sir.

FLAV. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
Your fums and bills, when your false masters eat  
Of my lord's meat? then they could smile, and  
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but  
wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:  
Believe't, my lord, and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV. If 'twill not,<sup>9</sup>  
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.

<sup>9</sup> If 'twill not,] Old copy — If 'twill not serve. I have ventured to omit the useless repetition of the verb—*serve*, because it injures the metre. STEEVENS.



1, VAR. SERV. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*<sup>2</sup>

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should much Derive from it;<sup>3</sup> for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

SER. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for an answer,<sup>4</sup> sir.

FLAM. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Servilius* ] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I should much*  
*Derive from it: &c.* ] Old copy:  
————— *I should*  
*Derive much from it: &c.*

For this slight transposition, by which the metre is restored, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for an answer,* ] The article *an*, which is deficient in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.



*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here's mine.

HOR. SERV. And mine, my lord.<sup>5</sup>

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

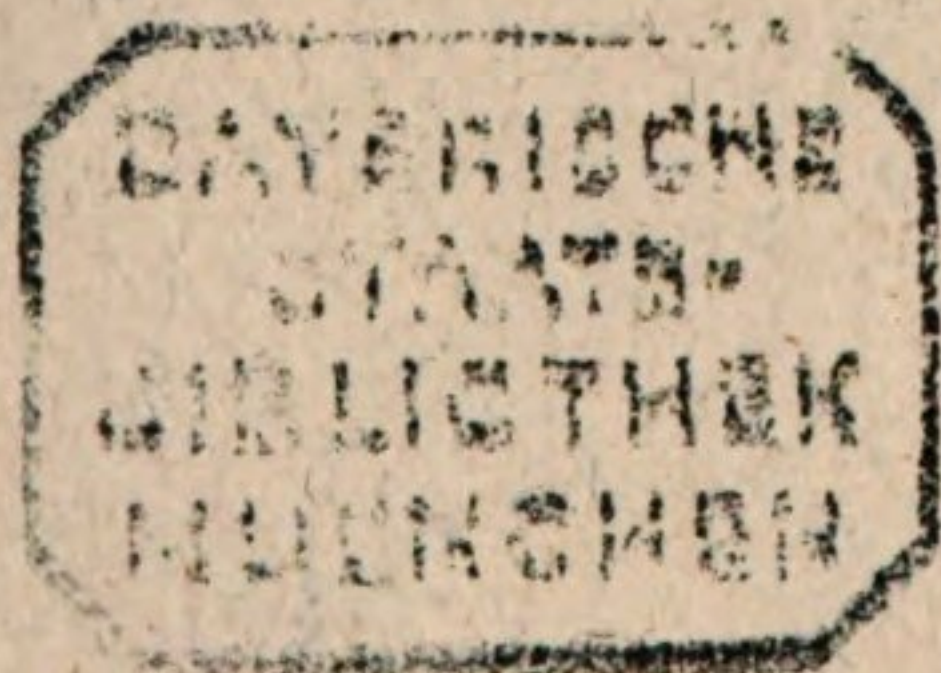
PHI. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em:<sup>6</sup> cleave me to  
the girdle.

<sup>5</sup> Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.* ] In the old copy this speech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the servant of *Hortensius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest,) because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed, 2. *Var.* which from the words spoken [*And ours, my lord.*] meant, I conceive, *the two servants of Varro*. In the modern editions this latter speech is given to *Caphis*, who is not upon the stage. MALONE.

This whole scene perhaps was strictly metrical, when it came from Shakspeare; but the present state of it is such, that it cannot be restored but by greater violence than an editor may be allowed to employ. I have therefore given it without the least attempt at arrangement. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Knock me down with 'em.* ] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Vol. VI. p. 303, n. 6. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Gresham says to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—— they durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*." STEEVENS.





LUC. SERV. Alas! my lord, —

TIM. Cut my heart in fums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that. —

What yours? — and yours?

1. VAR. SERV. My lord, —

2. VAR. SERV. My lord, —

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on  
you. [Exit.

HOR. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw  
their caps at their money; these debts may well be  
call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me,  
the slaves:

Creditors! — devils.

FLAV. My dear lord, —

TIM. What if it should be so?

FLAV. My lord, —

TIM. I'll have it so: — My steward!

FLAV. Here, my lord.

TIM. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:  
I'll once more feast the rascals. 7

? So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:

I'll once more feast the rascals. ] Thus the second folio; except



FLAV. O my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.  
[ *Exeunt.*

that, by an apparent error of the press, we have — *add instead of and.*

The first folio reads:

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Ullorxa: all,  
I'll once more feast the rascals.*

Regularity of metre alone would be sufficient to decide in favour of the present text, which, with the second folio, rejects the fortuitous and unmeaning aggregate of letters — *Ullorxa*. This *Ullorxa*, however, seems to have been considered as one of the “inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,” which “embrace the forehead” of that august publication, the folio 1623; and has been set, with becoming care, in the text of Mr. Malone. For my own part, like the cock in the fable, I am content to leave this gem on the stercoraceous spot where it was discovered. — *Ullorxa* (a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome) must (if meant to have been introduced at all) have been a corruption as gross as others that occur in the same book, where we find *Billingsgate* instead of *Basingstoke*, *Epton* instead of *Hyperion*, and an *ace* instead of *Até*. Types, indeed, shobk out of a hat, or shot from a dice-box, would often assume forms as legitimate as the proper names transmitted to us by Messieurs Hemings, Condell, and C<sup>o</sup>. who very probably did not accustom themselves to spell even their own appellations with accuracy, or always in the same manner. STEEVENS.



## SCENE V.

*The same. The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1. SEN. My lord, you have my voice to't; the  
fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. SEN. Most true; the law shall bruise him.<sup>8</sup>

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the  
senate!

1. SEN. Now, captain?

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,<sup>9</sup>  
Of comely virtues:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *shall bruise him.* ] The old copy reads — *shall bruise 'em.* The same mistake has happened often in these plays. In a subsequent line in this scene we have in the old copy — *with him,* instead of — *with 'em.* For the correction, which is fully justified by the context, I am answerable. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer also reads — *bruise him.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *setting his fate aside,* ] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *He is a man, &c.* ] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour,* it is there, *and honour.* All the



Nor did he foil the fact with cowardice ;  
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)  
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
 He did oppose his foe :  
 And with such sober and unnoted passion  
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,<sup>3</sup>  
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

*He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;  
 Nor did he foil, &c.* JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And with such sober and unnoted passion*

*He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.] Unnoted for common, bounded. Behave, for curb, manage.* WARBURTON.

I would rather read :

————— *and unnoted passion*

*He did behave, ere was his anger spent.*

*Unnoted passion* means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In sir W. D'Avenant's play of *The Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner :

“ How well my stars *behave* their influence. ”

Again :

“ ————— You an Italian, sir, and thus

“ *Behave* the knowledge of disgrace ! ”

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

“ *Unnoted passion*, ” I believe, means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances ; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note*, or observe, its operation.

The old copy reads — He did *behoove* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave*, which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author so very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have sometimes thought he might have written — “ He did *behalve* his anger, ” — i. e. suppress it. So, Milton :

“ ——— yet put he not forth all his strength,

“ But check'd it *mid-way*. ”



1. SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,<sup>4</sup>  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they la-  
     bour'd  
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
 When sects and factions were newly born:  
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe;<sup>5</sup> and make his  
     wrongs  
 His outsides; wear them like his raiment, care-  
     lessly;

*Behave*, however, is used by Spenser, in his *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. iii. in a sense that will suit sufficiently with the passage before us:

“ But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*

“ *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy miss.”

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different signification from that in which it is now used. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *tracto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*.

MALONE.

On second consideration, the sense of this passage, (however perversely expressed on account of rhyme,) may be this: He managed his anger with such sober and unnoted *passion* [i. e. *suffering*, *forbearance*,] before it was spent, [i. e. before that disposition to endure the insult he had received, was exhausted,] that it seemed as if he had been only engaged in supporting an argument he had advanced in conversation. *Passion* may as well be used to signify *suffering*, as any violent commotion of the mind: and that our author was aware of this, may be inferred from his introduction of the Latin phrase—“*hysterica passio*,” in *King Lear*. See also Vol. XVII. p. 13, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> You undergo too strict a paradox,] You undertake a paradox too hard. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— that man can breathe;] i. e. can utter. So afterwards:

“ You breathe in vain.” MALONE.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

“ The youth you breathe of, guilty.” STEEVENS.



And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

ALCIB. My lord, —

1. SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear;  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threatnings? <sup>6</sup> sleep upon it,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? but if there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? <sup>7</sup> why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon, <sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *threatnings?* ] Old copy — *threats*. This slight, but judicious change, is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the next line but one, he also added, for the sake of metre, — *but* —. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *what make we*

*Abroad?* ] *What do we, or what have we to do in the field.*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 151, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And th' ass, more captain than the lion; &c.* ] Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omission of — *captain* ] the original reads thus:

— *what make we*

*Abroad? why then, women are more valiant*

*That stay at home, if bearing carry it:*

*And the ass, more captain than the lion,*

*The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,*

*If wisdom, &c.*

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

— *what make we*

*Abroad? why then the women are more valiant*

*That stay at home;*



Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good:  
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;<sup>9</sup>

*If bearing carry it, then is the ass  
 More captain than the lion; and the felon  
 Loaden with irons, wiser &c. JOHNSON.*

—— *if bearing carry it;*] Dr. Johnson, when he proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line, instead of the preceding words, seems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propensities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words — *more captain*. They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said:

“ My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

“ If I speak like a *captain*. —— ”

and by Shakspeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text:

“ And captive good attending *captain* ill. ”

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

“ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

“ Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet. ”

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow*. MALONE.

The word *captain* has been very injudiciously restored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its spoiling what will otherwise be a metrical line. Nor is his using it elsewhere any proof that he meant to use it here. RITSON.

I have not scrupled to insert Dr. Johnson's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow*, in the text; but do not perceive how the line can become strictly metrical by the omission of the word — *captain*, unless, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we transpose the conjunction — *and*, and read:

*The ass more than the lion, and the felon, ——.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust*, for aggravation.

WARBURTON.

*Gust* is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.



But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.<sup>2</sup>

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2. SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. Why, I say,<sup>3</sup> my lords, h'as done fair  
service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em,<sup>4</sup>  
he

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden  
*gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust* of passion. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — by mercy, 'tis most just. ] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But  
we must read:

—— 'tis made just. WARBURTON.

*Mercy* is not put for *equity*. If such explanation be allowed,  
what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call mercy herself* to wit-  
ness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a*  
*merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justi-  
fiable. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the more spirited; but a passage in  
*King John* should seem to countenance that of Mr. Malone:

"Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

"And so doth yours——." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, I say,* ] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor  
of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — with 'em, ] The folio—with *him*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.



Is a sworn rioter:<sup>5</sup> h'as a fin that often  
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
 If there were no foes, that were enough alone<sup>6</sup>  
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
 And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
 Take my deserts to his, and join them both:  
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
 Security, I'll pawn<sup>7</sup> my victories, all  
 My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. SEN. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,  
 On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,  
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

<sup>5</sup> *Is a sworn rioter:*] A *sworn rioter* is a man who praeisifies riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expression, a *sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. See Vol. XIII. p. 308, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *alone* —] This word was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. Thus, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ ——— Good *alone*.

“ Is good ———.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your reverend ages love*

Security, I'll pawn &c.] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

“ ——— banish *usury*,

“ That makes the senate ugly.” MALONE.



ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2. SEN. How?

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.<sup>8</sup>

3. SEN. What?

ALCIB. I cannot think, but your age has forgot  
me;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,<sup>9</sup>  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ake at you.

1. SEN. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;<sup>2</sup>

We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1. SEN. If after two days' shine, Athens contain  
thee,

Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell  
our spirit,<sup>3</sup>

He shall be executed presently. [ *Exeunt Senators.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *remembrances.* ] is here used as a word of five syllables.  
In the singular number it occurs as a quadrisyllable only. See  
*Twelfth Night*, A& I. sc. i:

“ And lasting in her sad *remembrance.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I should prove so base,* ] *Base* for dishonour'd.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Do you dare our anger?*

*'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;* ] This reading may  
pass, but perhaps the author wrote:

————— *our anger?*

*'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And, not to swell our spirit,* ] I believe, means, *not to put our-*  
*selves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.* So,  
in *King Henry VIII.* A& III. sc. i:



ALCIB. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !  
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? ha ! banishment ?<sup>4</sup>  
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;<sup>5</sup>  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[ *Exit.*

" The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
" So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,  
" They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *ha ! banishment ?* ] Thus the second folio. Its ever-blundering predecessor omits the interjection, *ha !* and consequently spoils the metre. — The same exclamation occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death—*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *and lay for hearts.*

'*Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;* ] But surely even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him ; which shows rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts* ; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus :

'*Tis honour with most hands to be at odds ;*

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage ; as he must do against the united strength of Athens ; and this, by soldiers, is accounted



## SCENE VI.

*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,<sup>5</sup> at several doors.*

1. LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

2. LORD. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

*honourable.* Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*:

“He lurch'd all fwords.” WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play for hearts*.

JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say, *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, [Mr. Whalley's edition] Vol. IV. p. 33:

“*Lay for some pretty principality.*” TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them

“When he shall finger Castile's crown.” MALONE.

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;] I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the *greatest* part of the world, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the Senate, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say:

'Tis honour with most lords to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable to wrangle for a score of kingdoms, (as Miranda expresses it,) than to enter into quarrels with lords, or any other private adversaries.

STEEVENS.

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord;



1. LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,<sup>6</sup> when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. LORD. I should think so: He hath sent me an

(or with any other person;) but not so easy to be at odds with his land. Neither does the observation just made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported. MALONE.

By *most* lands, perhaps our author means *greatest* lands. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act IV. sc. i:

"But always resolute in *most* extremes;"

i. e. in *greatest*. Alcibiades, therefore, may be willing to regard a contest with a great and extensive territory, like that of Athens, as a circumstance honourable to himself. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Enter divers Lords, ] In the modern editions these are called *Senators*; but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords*. The old copy has "Enter divers friends."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon that were my thoughts tiring, ] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*; when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, fastened*, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

"Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,—"

*Tirouër*, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose.

In *King Henry VI.* Part II. we have a kindred expression:

"——— your thoughts

"Beat on a crown" MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is said to be "woman-tir'd," i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now say, with a similar allusion, *hen-pecked*.

STEEVENS.



earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. LORD. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. LORD. A thousand pieces.

2. LORD. A thousand pieces!

1. LORD. What of you?

3. LORD. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

TIM. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1. LORD. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.



2. LORD. My noble lord,——

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[ *The banquet brought in.*

2. LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, sir.

2. LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.<sup>7</sup>—Come, bring in all together.

2. LORD. All cover'd dishes!

1. LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. LORD. How do you? What's the news?

3. LORD. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. LORD. Alcibiades banish'd?

3. LORD. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. LORD. How? how?

2. LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.<sup>8</sup>

2. LORD. This is the old man still.

3. LORD. Will't hold? will't hold?

2. LORD. It does: but time will—and so——

<sup>7</sup> —— *your better remembrance.* ] i. e. your good memory: the comparative for the positive degree. See Vol. XI. p. 132, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Here's a noble feast toward.* ] i. e. in a state of readiness. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.”

STEEVENS.



3. LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.<sup>9</sup> Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,<sup>2</sup> O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag<sup>3</sup> of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blest them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,

<sup>9</sup> ——— your diet shall be in all places alike.] See a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. X. p. 29, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The rest of your fees,*] We should read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— the common lag —] Old copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The *fag-end* of a web of cloth is, in some places, called the *alg-end*. STEEVENS.



You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm  
water

Is your perfection.<sup>4</sup> This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[ *Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,<sup>5</sup>  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune,<sup>6</sup> trencher-friends, time's flies,<sup>7</sup>  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!<sup>8</sup>  
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady<sup>9</sup>  
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

<sup>4</sup> *Is your perfection.] Your perfection, is the highest of your excellence. JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> — *Live loath'd, and long,]* This thought has occurred twice before:

“ ——— let not that part

“ Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour.*”

Again:

“ Gods keep you *old enough,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *fools of fortune,]* The same expression occurs in *Roméo and Juliet*:

“ O! I am *fortune's fool.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *time's flies,]* Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

So, before:

“ ——— one cloud of winter showers,

“ These *flies* are couch'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *minute-jacks!]* Sir T. Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See note on *King Richard III.* Vol. XV. p. 414, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the infinite malady —]* Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.



Soft, take thy phyfick firft,—thou too,—and thou;—

[ *Throws the difhes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaft,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueft.

Burn, houfe; fink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [ *Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1. LORD. How now, my lords?<sup>2</sup>

2. LORD. know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3. LORD. Piff! did you fee my cap?

4. I have loft my gown.

3. LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour fways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you fee my jewel?

4. LORD. Did you fee my cap?

2. LORD. Here 'tis.

4. LORD. Here lies my gown.

1. LORD. Let's make no ftay.

2. LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

3. LORD. I feel't upon my bones.

4. LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day ftones.<sup>3</sup> [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *How now, my lords?*] This and the next fpeech are fspoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *ftones.*] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthlefs guefts, except warm water and empty difhes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama defcribed in p. 2, had been read by our author, and that he fupposed he had



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

TIM. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
 And minister in their steads! to general filths<sup>4</sup>  
 Convert o'the instant, green<sup>5</sup> virginity!  
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,  
 steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel!<sup>6</sup> son of sixteen,

introduced from it the "*painted stones*" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles, appears to want propriety. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *general filths*—] i. e. common sewers. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *green* —] i. e. immature. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"When I was *green* in judgement ——" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *o'the brothel*!] So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *i'the* brothel. JOHNSON.

One would suppose it to mean, that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir T. Hanmer understood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'th'*, *o'th'*, and *a'th'* are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places. MALONE.

"*Of* the brothel" is the true reading. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. ii. the Steward says to Kent, "*Art of the house?*"

STEEVENS.



Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,  
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries,<sup>7</sup>  
 And yet confusion<sup>8</sup> live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners? lust and liberty<sup>9</sup>  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!<sup>2</sup>  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

<sup>7</sup> ——— confounding *contraries*, ] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— as doth a galled rock

“ O'erhang and jutting his confounded base.”

<sup>8</sup> ——— yet *confusion* — ] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *let confusion*; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *liberty* — ] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ And many such like *liberties* of sin;”

apparently meaning—*libertines*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— multiplying *banns*! ] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the *active* participle with a *passive* signification. See Vol. IV. p. 225, n. 3. STEEVENS.



The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS,<sup>8</sup> with two or three Servants.*

1. SERV. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded<sup>9</sup> by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1. SERV. Such a house broke!  
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him!

2. SERV. As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Flavius, ]* Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Let me be recorded — ]* In compliance with ancient elliptical phraseology, the word *me*, which disorders the measure, might be omitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*Let it be recorded &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *— to his buried fortunes — ]* So the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might stand. JOHNSON.



Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
 That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the surges threat : we must all part  
 Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,  
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some ;

*[Giving them money.]*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :

I should suppose that the words *from*, in the second line, and *to* in the third line, have been misplaced, and that the original reading was :

*As we do turn our backs  
 To our companion thrown into his grave,  
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away ;——.*

When we leave a person, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him.

M. MASON.

*So his familiars to his buried fortunes, &c.]* So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away, &c. MALONE.



Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness<sup>4</sup> that glory brings us!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — rich in sorrow, parting poor. ] This conceit occurs again in *King Lear*:

“ Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, the fierce wretchedness — ] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty*, *precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*:

“ And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,

“ One fit him with a larger pair of ears.”

In *King Henry VIII.* our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring*, *conspicuous*, *violent*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says:

“ Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ O vanity of sickness! *fierce* extremes

“ In their continuance will not feel themselves.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Strange, unusual blood, ] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

—— Strange, unusual mood,

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination*, *propensity*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition.



When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—blest'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The Woods.*

*Enter TIMON.*

TIM. O blessed breeding fun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb<sup>6</sup>  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Again, in the 5th book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. iii. b:

“ And thus of thilke unkinde blood

“ Stant the memorie unto this daie.”

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome. STEEVENS.

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. See Vol. VI. p. 30, n. 7; and p. 282, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — below thy sister's orb — ] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world. JOHNSON.



Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.<sup>7</sup>

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— Not nature,

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature. ] The meaning I take to be this :

Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother: for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage “ but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*.” The meaning will then be— “ Not even being reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures.”—The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus :

“ ——— Call the creatures

“ Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite

“ Of wreakful heaven,” &c.

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the measure by reading :

—— not those *natures*,——. STEEVENS.

But *by* is here used for *without*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;* ] [Old copy—*deny't* that lord. ] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration :

——— and denude that lord ;——.

So, lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: “ All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes and estates.” And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament says: “ *Denude* ourselves of all.”—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15, octavo edit. WARBURTON.



The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.  
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,<sup>9</sup>

So, as Theobald has observed, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures."

MALONE.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in *King Lear*:

"Since now we will *devest* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

"As one of all happiness *denuded*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,* ] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

*It is the pasture lards the wether's sides,*

*The want that makes him lean.*

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition:

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,*

*The want that makes him leave.*

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

*It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,*

*The want that makes him lean.*

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich



The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who  
dares,

brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes: *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the word *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,  
'Tis want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pastlerer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander, before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pastlerers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's collection, which seems to afford much the same meaning as this passage in Shakspeare:—"Every one basteeth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A& II:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride."

STEEVENS.

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus:

*It is the pastlerer lards the broader sides,  
The gaunt that makes him leave.*

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in *murther*, *murder*, *burthen*, *burden*, &c. REED.

That the passage is corrupt as it stands in the old copy, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but necessity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *higher* for *hire*, and *hope* for *holp*; in the present play *reverends* for *reverends't*; and in almost every play similar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:



In purity of manhood stand upright,

“ ——— and bedew

“ Her *pastors*' grafs with faithful English blood.”

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, “I have heard him read many *lectors* against it;” instead of *lectures*.

*Pasture*, when the *u* is sounded thin, and *pastor*, are scarcely distinguishable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the first disputed word of this contested passage is ascertained. In *As you like it* we have—

“ good pasture makes fat sheep.” Again, in the same play:

“ Anon, a careless herd,

“ Full of the *pasture*, jumps along by him,” &c.

The meaning then of the passage is,—It is the land alone which each man possesses that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered: and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I suppose, with Dr. Johnson, that Shakspeare was still thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already described.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnson himself was satisfied with his far-fetched explication of *pastour*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one else can be satisfied with it. In order to give it some little support, he supposes “This man's a flatterer,” in the following passage, to relate to the imaginary *pastor* in this; whereas those words indubitably relate to *any* one individual selected out of the aggregate mass of mankind.

Dr. Warburton reads — *wether's* fides; which affords a commodious sense, but is so far removed from the original reading as to be inadmissible. Shakspeare, I have no doubt, thought at first of those animals that are fatted by *pasture*, and passed from thence to the *proprietor* of the soil.

I have sometimes thought that he might have written — the *breather's* fides. He has thrice used the word elsewhere. “I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myself,” says Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets*:

“ When all the *breathers* of this world are dead.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ She shows a body, rather than a life;

“ A statue than a *breather*.”

If this was the author's word in the passage before us, it must mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in such conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old spelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the MSS. of our author's time is not to be distinguished from an *n*. Add to this, that in the



And say, *This man's a flatterer?*<sup>2</sup> If one be,

first folio *u* is constantly employed where we now use a *v*; and hence, by inversion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almost every *proof*-sheet of every book that passes through the press). Of this I have given various instances in a note in Vol. V. p. 178, n. 3. See also Vol. X. p. 197, n. 6.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to these instances. This very word *leave* is again printed instead of *lean*, in *King Henry IV.* Part II. quarto, 1600:

"The lives of all your loving complices

"*Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *King Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *lean* instead of *leave*: "You'll *lean* your noise anon, you rascals." But any argument on this point is superfluous, since the context clearly shews that *lean* must have been the word intended by Shakspeare.

Such emendations as those now adopted, *thus founded* and supported, are not capricious conjectures, against which no one has set his face more than myself, but almost certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I shall make no other apology than that finding it *necessary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any sense, I thought it incumbent on me to support the readings I have chosen, in the best manner in my power. MALONE.

As a *brother* (meaning, I suppose, a churchman) does not, literally speaking, fatten himself by feeding on *land*, it is probable that *pasture* signifies *eating* in general, without reference to *terra firma*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Food for his rage, *repasture* for his den."

*Pasture*, in the sense of nourishment collected from fields, will undoubtedly fatten the sides of a sheep or an ox, but who ever describes the owner of the fields as having derived from them his *embonpoint*?

The emendation—*lean* is found in the second folio, which should not have been denied the praise to which it is entitled.

*Breather's* sides can never be right, for who is likely to grow fat through the mere privilege of *breathing*? or who indeed can receive sustenance without it?

The reading in the text may be the true one; but the condition in which this play was transmitted to us, is such as will warrant repeated doubts in almost every scene of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And say, This man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular person before mentioned, as Dr. Johnson thought;



So are they all; for every grize of fortune<sup>3</sup>  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our curst natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind!<sup>2</sup>—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist.<sup>5</sup> Roots, you clear heavens!<sup>6</sup>  
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,  
 fair;

but to some supposed individual. Who, says Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

“Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

“When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— for every grize of fortune —] Grize for step or degree.

POPE.

See Vol. V. p. 321, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— fang mankind!] i. e. seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:

“—— bite any catchpole that fangs for you.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— you clear heavens!] This may mean either ye cloudless skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt. Shakspeare mentions the clearest gods in *King Lear*; and in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, a stranger is thus addressed: “Good stranger or alyen, clere gest,” &c. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Then Collatine again by Lucrece’ side,

“In his clear bed might have reposed still.”

i. e. his uncontaminated bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 89. MALONE.



Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,  
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?  
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;<sup>7</sup>  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:<sup>8</sup>  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy<sup>9</sup> ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench: this is it,<sup>2</sup>  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— Why this

*Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;]* Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, A & V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:]* i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the hoar leprosy* —] So, in P. Holland's Translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: "—— the foul white leproie called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *this is it,*] Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either repeat the pronoun—*this*; or avail ourselves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically used,  
—— why, *this it is*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;]* *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So, our author, in *King Richard III*:

"A beauty-waining, and distressed widow." JOHNSON.  
In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker,



She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous-fores

1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

"Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

"Sir B. Nay, Moll, what's that *wap*?

"Moll. *Wapping* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,

"Bedded at Wappington."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610: "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores." Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 417: "Deal courteously with the Queen, &c. and with Mistress Anne Hawte for *wappy's* &c."

Mr. Amner observes, that "the editor of these same Letters, to wit, Sir John Fenn, (as perhaps becometh a grave man and a magistrate,) professeth not to understand this passage."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in *The Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My fewertye in *waped* countenance."

*Wappened*, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"The instances that second marriage move,

"Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. So, in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled, *The little Barley Corne*:

"'Twill make a *weeping* widow laugh,

"And soon incline to pleasure." STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens fully support the text in my apprehension, nor do I suspect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is used by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*; and perhaps we should read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the *wappen'd* widow's seeking a husband, (though "*her curiosity has been gratified*,") but for her finding one. It is



Would cast the gorge at,<sup>3</sup> this embalms and spices

her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow. — *Wed* is here used for *wedded*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act. I. sc. i :

“ In Syracuse was I born, and *wed*

“ Unto a woman, happy but for me.”

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her second marriage*. MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and stale*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *stupidified*; a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I suspect that there is another error in this passage, which has escaped the notice of the editors, and that we should read — “ *woo'd* again,” instead of “ *wed* again.” That a woman should *wed* again, however *wapper'd*, [or *wappen'd*] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumstance is, that she should be *woo'd* again, and become an object of desire. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores*

*Would cast the gorge at,*] Surely we ought to read :

*She, whose ulcerous sores the spital-house*

*Would cast the gorge at :*

or, should the first line be thought deficient in harmony,—

*She at whose ulcerous sores the spital house*

*Would cast the gorge up,——.*

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

“ And all the way, most like a brutish beast,

“ He spewed up his gorge.”

The old reading is nonsense.

I must add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me in suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and is satisfied with the emendation I have proposed. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. “ The spital-house and ulcerous sores,” therefore may be used for *the contaminated spital-house*; the spital-house replete with ulcerous sores. If it be asked, how can the spital-house, or how can ulcerous sores, *cast the gorge* at the female here described, let the following passages answer the question :

“ Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks.”

*Othello.*



To the April day again.<sup>4</sup> Come, damned earth,

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd;  
"Makes mouths at the invisible event."

Again, *ibidem*:

"—— till our ground,  
"Singing his *pate* against the burning zone;" &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
"Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope* their ruby lips,—."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,—."

Again, in the play before us:

"—— when our vaults have *wept*  
"With drunken spilth of wine ———."

In the preceding page, all *sores* are said to lay *siege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the passage is to be understood literally, than they can *cast the gorge* at the sight of the person here described.—In a word, the diction of the text is so very Shakspearian, that I cannot but wonder it should be suspected of corruption.

The meaning is,— Her whom the spital-house, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looser paraphrase) Her, at the sight of whom all the patients in the spital-house, however contaminated, would sicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, disgusted by the view of still greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and spices, &c.

To "cast the gorge *at*", was Shakspeare's phraseology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i: "How abhor'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises *at* it."

To the various examples which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these:

"Our fortune on the sea is *out of breath*,  
"And sinks most lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Again, *ibidem*:

"Mine eyes did *sicken* at the sight."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our faults."

Again, *ibidem*:

"—— we will fetters put upon this fear,  
"Which now goes too *free-footed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"His *evasions* have ears thus long." MALONE.



Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.<sup>5</sup>—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a  
drum?—Thou'rt quick,<sup>6</sup>

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*  
*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike  
manner; PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.*

ALCIB. What art thou there?  
Speak.

TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
heart,

<sup>4</sup> *To the April day again.*] That is, *to the wedding day*, called  
by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other  
*diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She  
it is whom gold *embalms and spices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold  
restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the  
power of gold, that it will

“ — make black, white; foul, fair;

“ Wrong, right;” &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. So, in  
Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262, edit. 1633: “Do you see how the spring  
time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring  
to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you, but that in  
the *April of your age* you should be like *April*.”

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607: “He is a  
young man, and in the *April of his age*.” Peacham's *Compleat  
Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls youth “the *April of man's life*.” Shak-  
speare's Sonnet, entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought:

“Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee

“Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime.”

Daniel's 31st Sonnet has, “ — the *April of my years*.” Master  
Fenton “smells *April* and May.” TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> *Do thy right nature.*] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou hast life and motion in thee.

JOHNSON.



For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am *misanthropos*,<sup>7</sup> and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

ALCIB. I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:<sup>8</sup>  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiss thee;<sup>9</sup> then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

<sup>7</sup> *I am misanthropos*,] A marginal note in the old translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furnished our author with this epithet: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropos*, the Athenian." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — — *gules, gules*:] Might we not repair the defective metre of this line, by adopting a Shakspearian epithet, and reading,

— — *gules, total gules*;

as in the following passage in *Hamlet*!

"Now is he *total gules*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I will not kiss thee*;] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infector free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

Thus, *The Humorous Lieutenant* says:

"He has some wench, or such a toy, to kiss over,

"Before he go: 'would I had such another,

"To draw this foolish pain down." STEEVENS.



ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give;  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no funs to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

TIM. None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIB. What is it, Timon?

TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If  
Thou wilt not promise,<sup>9</sup> the gods plague thee, for  
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound  
thee,

For thou'rt a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy mis-  
eries.

TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.<sup>2</sup>

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of har-  
lots.

TYMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the  
world

Voic'd so regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?

TYMAN. Yes,

<sup>9</sup> ————— If

*Thou wilt not promise, &c.]* That is, however thou may'st act,  
since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— then was a blessed time.] I suspect. from Timon's an-  
swer, that Shakspeare wrote — *thine* was a blessed time.

MALONE.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now*, and *then*, were designedly  
opposed to each other. STEEVENS.



TIM. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that  
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths;<sup>3</sup> bring down rose-cheeked  
youth<sup>4</sup>

To the tub-fast, and the diet.<sup>5</sup>

TYMAN.

Hang thee, monster!

<sup>3</sup> *Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours: &c.]* There is here a slight trans-  
position. I would read:

———— they love thee not that use thee,  
Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,  
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves  
For tubs, and baths;——. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— bring down rose-cheeked youth — ] This expressive epi-  
thet our author might have found in Marlow's *Hero and Leander*:  
“Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *To the tub-fast, and the diet.]* [Old copy — *sub-fast.*] One  
might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet  
with this preposterous word *sub-fast*. which has notwithstanding passed  
current with all the editors. We should read — *tub-fast*. The  
author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that  
time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial  
unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm  
and close: that in the first application the sweat might be pro-  
moted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was  
fatal. “The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Friend,  
in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380,) was at first strangely  
circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a  
dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fal-  
lopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was  
macerated.” Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this  
purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the  
unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he  
observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an  
extraordinary abstinence required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*.  
WARBURTON.



ALCIB. Pardon him sweet Tymandra; for his wits

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

" — You had better match a ruin'd bawd,  
" One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*."

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor says: " — O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I shall burst myself with laughing else." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: Our embassy is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: Hast thou a *tub*?"

The *diet* was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So, in *Springs to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

" Priscus gave out, &c. —  
" Priscus had tane the *diet* all the while."

Again, in another collection of ancient Epigrams called *The Mistle*, &c.

" She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season."

Thus, also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

" — whom I in *diet* keep  
" Send lower down into the cave,  
" And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot," &c.

Again, in the same play:

" — caught us, and put us in a *tub*,  
" Where we this two months sweat, &c.  
" This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c.

STEEVENS.

The preceding lines, and a passage in *Measure for Measure*, fully support the emendation:

" Truly, sir, she [the bawd] had eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the *tub*." MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontispice representing the sweating tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howel. Some account of the sweating-tub with a cut of it may be seen in Ambrose Paræus's Works, by Johnson, p. 48. Another very particular representation of it may be likewise found in the *Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet*, with the following lines:

" Pour un petit plaisir je souffre mille maux;  
" Je fais contre un hyver deux este ci me semble:  
" Partout le corps je sue, & ma machoir tremble;  
" Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux."



Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—  
 I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
 The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
 In my penurious hand: I have heard, and griev'd,  
 How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
 Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
 But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,<sup>6</sup>—

TIM. I pr'ythee beat they drum, and get thee  
 gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Ti-  
 mon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
 trouble?

I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:  
 Here's some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a  
 heap,——

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all i' thy con-  
 quest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALCIB. Why me, Timon?

TIM. That,  
 By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
 My country.

For another print of this tub, see *Holmes's Academy of Armory*.  
 DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> —— trod upon them, ] Sir T. Hanmer reads—had trod upon  
 them. Shakspeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.







Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
Set them down<sup>7</sup> horrible traitors: Spare not the  
babe,

Our author has again the same kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— spite of heaven's fell rage,  
" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of *scar'd* age."

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modest English woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as described on the present occasion by Shakspeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated song, the "hills of snow," but to the "pinks that grow" upon their summits. See Vol. VI. p. 141, n. 5. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus:

—— nor *those milk-paps*,  
*That through the widow's barb boxe at men's eyes,*  
*Are not within the leaf of pity writ.*

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe was a kind of *veil*. Cressida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, Book II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads — *wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. v:

"Must I go shew them my *unbarbed* sconce?"

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

The folios read—*barne*, and not improperly; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberless instances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but should not have been removed from the text. RITSON.

7 *Set them down*—] Old copy, in defiance of metre,—  
But *set them down*. STEEVENS.



Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy;<sup>9</sup>

Think it a bastard,<sup>2</sup> whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat<sup>3</sup> shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;<sup>4</sup>  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor  
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-  
diers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

PHR. AND TYM. Give us some gold, good Timon  
Hast thou more?

<sup>9</sup> ——— exhaust *their mercy*; ] For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hamner, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to draw forth. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *bastard*, ] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— thy *throat* — ] Old copy—the throat. Corrected by M. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Swear against objects*; ] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:  
———'gainst all *objects*:

So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:

“ Or made them swear against the thing they see.”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *objects* is here used provincially for *abjects*. FARMER.

*Against objects* is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:

“ For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

“ To tender *objects*.” M. MASON.



TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 And to make whores, a bawd.<sup>5</sup> Hold up, you fluts,  
 Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—  
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
 The immortal gods that hear you,<sup>6</sup> — spare your oaths,  
 I'll trust to your conditions:<sup>7</sup> Be whores still;  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
 And be no turncoats:<sup>8</sup> Yet may your pains, six months,  
 Be quite contrary:<sup>9</sup> And thatch your poor thin roofs<sup>2</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And to make whores, a bawd.]* That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The immortal gods that hear you,]* The same thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, A&I. sc. iii:

“ Though you with swearing shake the throned gods.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I'll trust to your conditions:]* You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIII. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And be no turncoats:]* By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of prostitution, were, among other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-side outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of — *turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reasoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive satisfaction from that which affords no assistance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Yet may your pains, six months,*

*Be quite contrary:]* This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity



With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore  
still ;

of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this : he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery : that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade ; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.*      WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read :

—— *Yet may your pains six months  
Be quite contraried :——.*

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them ; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connexion of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king.      JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be said of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully support it : " And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have lost the greater part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c.      MALONE.

I believe this means, — Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.      STEEVENS.

These words should be included in a parenthesis. Johnson wishes to connect them with the following sentences, but that



Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :  
A pox of wrinkles !

PHR. AND TYM. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—  
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an instruction. Timon is giving instructions to those women ; but, in the middle of his instructions his misanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation against them. I have no objection to the reading of *contraried*, instead of *contrary*, but it does not seem to be necessary. M. MASON.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *thatch your poor thin roofs &c.* ] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608 :  
“ ——— to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind ?”

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf* :

“ And with large sums they stick not to procure  
“ *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean ;  
“ To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
“ The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
“ To live a second life on second head,  
“ Ere *beauty's dead fleeces* made another gay.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Tragical discours of a dolorous Gentleman*, 1593 :

“ The *perwickes* fine must curle wher haire doth lack  
“ The swelling grace that fils the empty sacke.”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Book IX. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that  
“ women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.” STEEVENS.

See also Vol. VIII. p. 81, n. 8.

The first edition of Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.



TIM. Consumptions fow  
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
 And mar men's spurring.<sup>3</sup> Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false title plead,  
 Nor found his quilletts shrilly:<sup>4</sup> hoar the flamen.<sup>5</sup>  
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
 Down with it flat! take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — men's spurring. ] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word.

JOHNSON.

*Spurring* is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins* would have this effect. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor found his quilletts shrilly:* ] *Quilletts* are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "— a *quillet* well applied!"

STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet*, *res frivola, recula*. MALONE

<sup>5</sup> — hoar the flamen, ] Mr. Upton would read—*hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*." So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"—shew like *leprosy*,

"The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leprosy* ador'd," STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *that his particular to foresee,* ] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—*fore-fend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to provide for, but to provide against. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense.

JOHNSON.



Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate  
 ruffians bald;  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!'

PHR. AND TYM. More counfel, with more money,  
 bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first; I have  
 given you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens.  
 Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.<sup>8</sup>

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

<sup>7</sup> *And ditches grave you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Aeneid*:

"Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?"  
 To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba*:

"—— and me, now dead,

"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks

"To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,

"I seek flow rest."

See Vol. XII. p. 92, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.*] Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.



TIM. Men daily find it such.<sup>8</sup> Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him. —  
Strike.

[ *Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,  
and TYMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-  
ness,

Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,  
[ *Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,<sup>9</sup>  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,<sup>2</sup>  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *find it such,* ] For the insertion of the pronoun — *such*, I am answerable. It is too frequently used on similar occasions by our author, to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,* ] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων μήτηρ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΡΥΤΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

*Whose infinite breast* means no more than *whose boundless surface*. Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *eyeless venom'd worm,* ] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting. ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *below crisp heaven* ] We should read — *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *cripta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

JOHNSON.



Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,<sup>4</sup>  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,<sup>5</sup>  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!<sup>6</sup>  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion<sup>7</sup> all above  
 Never presented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks;  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;<sup>8</sup>

Perhaps, Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

“ On the *curl'd* clouds.”

Chaucer, in his *House of Fame*, says,

“ Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*.”

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

“ Her face as beauteous as the *crisp'd* morn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — who all thy human sons doth hate, ] Old copy — the human sons do hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb, ] So, in *King Lear*:

“ Dry up in her the organs of encrease.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Let it no more bring out ingrateful man! ] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. STEEVENS.

Neither Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the Athenians that they were *αὐτόχθονες*; sprung from the soil on which they lived; and it is in allusion to this, that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the ground. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a scholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boast, I fear that Shakspeare knew no more of it than of the many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — the marbled mansion — ] So, Milton, Book III. l. 564:

“ Through the pure marble air —.”

Virgil bestows the same epithet on the sea. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*:

“ Now by yon marble heaven, —.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas; ] The sense is



Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a  
dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but affected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune.<sup>9</sup> Why this spade? this  
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,<sup>2</sup> and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,

*this: O nature! cease to produce men, ensue thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plough-torn leas. Here are affects corresponding with causes, liquorish draughts, with vines, and unctuous morsels with marrows, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.*

<sup>9</sup> *This is in thee a nature but affected;*

*A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung*

*From change of fortune.] The old copy reads infected, and change of future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> *Hug their diseas'd perfumes,] i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.*

So, in *Othello*:

“ 'Tis such another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one.”

STEEVENS.



By putting on the cunning of a carper.<sup>3</sup>  
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,<sup>4</sup>  
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-  
 come,<sup>5</sup>

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

<sup>3</sup> — *the* cunning of a carper. ] For the philosophy of a Cynic,  
 of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

“ — Do not assume my likeness.” WARBURTON.

*Cunning* here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame  
 not these words, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault.  
*Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his Translation of Terence's *Andria*,  
 1588, says: “ Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured.”  
 Again, *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasm of *Beatrice*, observes,

“ Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable.”

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr.  
 Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *hinge thy knee*, ] Thus, in *Hamlet*:

“ To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *like tapsters, that bid welcome*, ] So, in our author's *Venus*  
 and *Adonis*:

“ Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

“ Soothing the humour of fantastick wits.”

The old copy has — *bad welcome*. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.



Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,<sup>5</sup>  
That have outliv'd the eagle,<sup>6</sup> page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-  
tures, —

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,<sup>7</sup> — bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find —

TIM. A fool of thee: Depart.

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worse.

<sup>5</sup> — moss'd trees,] [Old copy — moist trees,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,

— moss'd trees. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, A& IV:

“Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age.”

STEEVENS.

So also Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:

“Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts

“Upon a forest of old branching oakes,

“And with his furie teyr their mossy loaks.”

*Moss'd* is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet — *moist*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. Thus, our author, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, observes, that it is one of the properties of time

“To dry the old oak's sap —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — outliv'd the eagle,] *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from Turberville's *Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Answer mere nature,] So, in *King Lear*, A& II. sc. iii:

“And with presented nakedness outface

“The winds,” &c. STEEVENS.



APEM. Why?

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APEM. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?

APEM. To vex thee.<sup>7</sup>

TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thyself in't?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. What! a knave too?<sup>8</sup>

APEM. If thou didst put this four-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:<sup>9</sup>  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish; Best state, contentless,

<sup>7</sup> *To vex thee.* ] As the measure it here imperfect, we may suppose, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, our author to have written,  
Only to vex thee. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What! a knave too?* ] Timon had just called Apemantus fool, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in vexing, and when he answers, yes, Timon replies, — *What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a fool, but now I find thee likewise a knave. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *is crown'd before:* ] Arrives sooner at high wish; that is, at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON.

So, in a former scene of this play:

“ And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,

“ That I account them blessings.”

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — my supreme crown of grief.” MALONE.



Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.<sup>2</sup>

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath,<sup>3</sup> that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd;<sup>4</sup> but bred a dog.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Worse than the worst, content.*] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — by his breath,] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

By his *breath*, I believe, is meant his *sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

"Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty." STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his *sentence*. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice so used in this play, See p. 102, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm*

*With favour never clasp'd;*] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by William Smith, 1596, a similar image is found:

"Doth any live that ever had such hap,

"That all their actions are of none effect!

"Whom Fortune never dandled in her lap,

"But as an abject still doth me reject." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — but bred a dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect Apemantus was. Warburton.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our author was not obliged to have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furnished him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard English words*, octavo, 1604: "CYNICAL, *Doggish*, froward." Again, in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: "CYNICAL, *Doggish*, or curish. There was in Greece an old sect of philosophers so called, because they did ever sharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low state, and used from thy infancy to hardships. MALONE.



Hadst thou, like us,<sup>6</sup> from our first swath,<sup>7</sup> proceeded  
The sweet degrees<sup>8</sup> that this brief world affords

<sup>6</sup> *Hadst thou, like us,* ] There is in this speech a fullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence :

" God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have flaked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in a MS. metrical translation of an ancient French romance, preserved in the Library of King's College, Cambridge. [ See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A & IV. sc. x: ]

" For therefore of hardnesse hadest thou never;

" But were brought forth in blisse, as swich a burde ought,

" Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to misse them now

" It were a botles bale," &c. p. 26, b. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *first swath,* ] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,

" Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding-sheets."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The sweet degrees—* ] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read—*Through* &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.



To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command,<sup>9</sup> thou would'st have plung'd thy-  
 self

In general riot; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect,<sup>2</sup> but follow'd  
 The fugar'd game before thee. But myself,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — command, ] Old copy — command'd. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — precepts of respect, ] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

*Respect*, I believe, means the *qu'en dira-t-on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, has emphatically styled "one of the greatest controuling powers on earth, the *sense of fame and estimation*." STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *respect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnson supposes; for a poor man is more likely to be impressed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a station of nobility and affluence. *Respect* may possibly mean, as Steevens supposes, a regard to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged signification, and implies a consideration of consequences, whatever they may be. In this sense it is used by Hamlet:

" — There's the *respect*

" That makes calamity of so long life." M. MASON.

" The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of cautious prudence, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — Reason and *respect*,

" Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Then, childish fear, avaunt! *debating* die!

" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age?

" Sad pause and deep regard become the sage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the King says:

" I will converse with iron-witted fools,

" And *unrespective* boys; none are for me,

" That look into me with *considerate* eyes." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — But myself, ] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines:



Who had the world as my confectionary;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of  
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;<sup>4</sup>  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare<sup>5</sup>  
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden:  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou  
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?  
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,<sup>6</sup>

*Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.*

———— But myself,

*Who had the world as my confectionary; &c.*

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *than I could frame employment;*] i. e. frame employment for. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. See Vol. XVI. p. 185, n. 2; and Vol. XVII. p. 340, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *with one winter's brush*

*Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare &c.]* So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

“ O summer friendship,

“ Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our

“ Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

“ In the autumn of adversity.” STEEVENS.

Somewhat of the same imagery is found in our author's 73d Sonnet:

“ That time of year thou may'st in me behold,

“ When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

“ Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

“ Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *that poor rag,*] If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour, in



Must be thy subject; who in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.<sup>7</sup>

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was  
No prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now:  
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!  
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned;  
and John Florio speaks of a “*tara-rag* player.” STEEVENS.

We now use the word *ragamuffin* in the same sense.

M. MASON.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet de-  
nominated—Tag, rag, &c. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—— if the  
*tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him,—I am no true man.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two  
verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires.  
Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line  
bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that  
he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat  
weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination  
with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon  
from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now re-  
semble. JOHNSON.

*Knave* is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to  
recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and  
superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King*  
*Lear*, a *finical super-serviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough  
to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEEVENS.



APEM. Here; I will mend thy feast.  
[ *Offering him something.*

TIM. First mend my company,<sup>8</sup> take away thyself.<sup>9</sup>

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

APEM. What would'st thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best, and truest:  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that's above me.<sup>a</sup>  
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIM. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

APEM. Where would'st thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

<sup>8</sup> *First mend my company,*] The old copy reads—*mend thy company*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's *Life of Antony*. It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation: "Apemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banket *Timon*. *Timon* answered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here*. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> Apem. *Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?*

Tim. *Under that's above me.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"3. Serv. Where dwell'st thou?"

"Cor. Under the canopy." STEEVENS.



APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity;<sup>2</sup> in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate, I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.<sup>3</sup>

APEM. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

<sup>2</sup> ——— for too much curiosity; ] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1606: "——— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted," Again, in Hobby's Translation of *Castiglione's Cortegiano*, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. Thus, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to mislike."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, though it look like thee.* ] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

*Yes, for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

*I, though it look like thee.*

Perhaps we should read,

*I thought it look'd like thee.* JOHNSON.



APEM. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,<sup>4</sup> pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert

<sup>4</sup> — the unicorn, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him." *Gesner, Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Vol. XVIII. p. 52, n. 2.



german to the lion,<sup>5</sup> and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion;<sup>6</sup> and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that feel'st not thy loss in transformation?

APEM. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope*.

See Vol. XIII. p. 215, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *were remotion;*] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear*:

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

*Remotion* means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion. See Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 3; and Vol. XII. p. 352, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou art the cap &c.*] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had also the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

In *All's well that ends well*, "the *cap* of the time," apparently means—the *foremost* in the fashion. STEEVENS.



TIM. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEM. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.<sup>8</sup>

TIM. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.<sup>9</sup>

APEM. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

APEM. 'Would thou would'st burst!

TIM. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [ *Throws a stone at him.*

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

<sup>8</sup> Apem. *A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.*] Thus, the old copies, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Theobald, however, is of a contrary opinion; for, according to the present regulation, says he, Apemantus is "made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse." He would therefore give the former part of the line to Timon. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.*] The same sentiment is repeated in *King Lear*:

"Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

"When others are more wicked." STEEVENS.



Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! <sup>2</sup> thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! <sup>3</sup> thou visible god,  
That folder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every  
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! <sup>4</sup>  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

APEM.

'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM.

Throng'd to?

APEM.

Ay.

<sup>2</sup> 'Twixt natural son and fire!]

Διὰ τῆτον ἐκ ἀδελφῶς

Διὰ τῆτον ὁ τοκῆς. Anac. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquisitely  
beautiful and sublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said — Here is a very elegant turn  
given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*:

“ — yon simpering dame,

“ Whose face between her forks presages snow.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — O thou touch of hearts!] Touch, for touchstone. So, in  
*King Richard III*:

“ O, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

“ To try if thou be'st current gold —.” STEEVENS.



TIM. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit APEMANTUS.

More things like men?<sup>5</sup>—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Thieves.*<sup>6</sup>

1. THIEF. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. THIEF. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. THIEF. Let us make the assay upon him? if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. THIEF. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. THIEF. Is not this he?

<sup>5</sup> *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskillfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, instead of Timon, so the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—*I am quit*, seem to mark his exit. MALONE.

The words — *I am quit*, in my opinion, belong to Timon, who means that he is quit or clear, has at last got rid of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phrase is yet current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti.*

STEEVENS.



THIEVES. Where?

2. THIEF. 'Tis his description.

3. THIEF. He; I know him.

THIEVES. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

THIEVES. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

THIEVES. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.<sup>4</sup>

\* ——— *you want much of meat.*] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

——— *you much want of meet.*

i. e. Much of what you ought to be; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——— *you want much of men.*

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

*Your greatest want is, you want much of me.*

rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

*Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat.*

*Why should you want? Behold, &c.* STEEVENS.



Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath  
roots;<sup>5</sup>

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. THIEF. We cannot live on grafs, on berries,  
water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,  
and fishes?

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,<sup>6</sup>  
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions.<sup>7</sup> Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the  
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays

<sup>5</sup> — *the earth hath roots; &c.*]

“Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,

“Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:

“Flumine vicino stultus fitit.”

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Yet thanks I must you con,*] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers. So, in *The Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“Yea and well said, I *con* you no thanke.”

Again, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: “It is well done to practise my wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *In limited professions.*] *Limited*, for legal. WARBURTON.

Regular, orderly, professions. So, in *Macbeth*:

“For 'tis my *limited service*.”

i. e. my appointed service, prescribed by the necessary duty and rules of my office. MALONE.



More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;  
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,<sup>8</sup>  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears:<sup>9</sup> the earth's a thief,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *since you profess to do't,*] The old copy has—*protest*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*

*The moon into salt tears:*] The moon is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the sea, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft tears* of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*. *Paradise Lost*, Book V. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says:

“ ——— the *moist* star

“ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.”

STEEVENS.

We are not to attend on such occasions merely to philosophical truth; we are to consider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakespeare, might possibly have considered the waning of the moon as a gradual dissolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increase of the sea at the time she disappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a similar increase in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once established, the reasons urged against them are but little attended to. It may also be observed, that the moon, when viewed through a telescope, has a humid appearance, and seems to have drops of water suspended from the rim of it; to which circumstance Shakespeare probably alludes in *Macbeth*, where Hecate says,

“ Upon the corner of the *moon*

“ There hangs a *vaporous* drop,” &c. M. MASON.



That feeds and breeds by a composture<sup>2</sup> stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, [See *The Tempest*, Vol. IV. p. 158,] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather: which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "*watry beams*."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry moon*."

Again, more appositely in *King Richard III*:

"That, I, being govern'd by the *watry moon*,

"May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "—— your *salt tears*' head——." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Distasted with the *salt* of broken *tears*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn *salt tears*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry VI. Part II*:

"—— to drain

"Upon his face an *ocean* of *salt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. sc. i*: "The continent melt itself into the sea." An observation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 298, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them."—In the first line the sun is the *thief*; in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea. MALONE.



The laws, your curb and whip,<sup>3</sup> in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and *The Alchymist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

“ —petere inde coronam

“ Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.”

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

“ The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers

“ Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.

“ And in this world of ours, this microcosm,

“ Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare

“ The meseraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;

“ Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,

“ 'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,

“ And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,

“ In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property

“ Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.

“ Now all these pilferies, couch'd, and compos'd in order,

“ Frame thee and me; Man's a quick mass of thievery.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a “reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's Odes very well translated by Ronfard the French poet — comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:” and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronfard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it:

“ La terre les eaux va boivant;

“ L'arbre la boit par sa racine,

“ La mer salée boit le vent,

“ Et le soleil boit la marine.



Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;  
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,  
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,<sup>4</sup>  
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less,<sup>5</sup> for this  
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!  
 Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3. THIEF. He has almost charm'd me from my  
 profession, by persuading me to it.

1. THIEF. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that  
 he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our  
 mystery.<sup>6</sup>

2. THIEF. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give  
 over my trade.

“ Le soleil est beau de la lune,  
 “ Tout doit soit en haut ou en bas:  
 “ Suivant ceste règle commune,  
 “ Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas?”

Edit. fol. p. 507:  
 FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiarist stigmatized by Puttenham,  
 was *John Southern*, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that  
 has hitherto been discovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one  
 of his Odes. See also the *European Magazine*, for June 1788.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — by a composition —] i. e. composition, compost.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— most biting laws,  
 “ The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — nothing can you steal,] To complete the measure I would  
 read:

—— where nothing can you steal, — STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Steal not less,] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in  
 the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have  
 us thrive in our mystery.] The reason of his advice, says the thief,  
 is malice to mankind, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us  
 thrive in our mystery. JOHNSON.



1. THIEF. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.<sup>6</sup>

[ *Exeunt Thieves.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

FLAV. O you gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour has  
Desperate want made!<sup>7</sup>  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
How rarely<sup>8</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.* ] [D. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. *WARBURTON.*

The second thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the same exhortation to the dying Falstaff. " — — Now I bid him not think of God: *there was time enough for that yet.*" *MALONE.*

<sup>7</sup> *What an alteration of honour has*

*Desperate want made!* ] *An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>8</sup> *How rarely does it meet —* ] *Rarely for fitly; not for seldom.*  
*WARBURTON.*

*How curiously; how happily.* *MALONE.*

<sup>9</sup> *When man was wish'd to love his enemies:* ] We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. *WARBURTON.*

*Wish'd* is right. It means *recommended*. See Vol. VI. p. 288, n. 4; and Vol. IX. p. 237, n. 8. *REED.*



Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do;<sup>2</sup>  
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man,<sup>3</sup> I have forgot  
 thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM

Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man  
 About me, I; all that<sup>4</sup> I kept were knaves,<sup>5</sup>  
 To serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witnesses,  
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you,

<sup>2</sup> *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

*Those that would mischief me, than those that do!* ] It is plain, that in this whole speech friends and enemies are taken only for those who profess friendship and profess enmity; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou'rt man,* ] Old copy—*thou'rt a man.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *that* — ] I have supplied this pronoun, for the metre's sake. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *knaves,* ] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal. JOHNSON.



TIM. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—  
 then I love thee,  
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:<sup>4</sup>  
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
 weeping!

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
 To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
 So comfortable? It almost turns  
 My dangerous nature wild.<sup>5</sup> Let me behold

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Pity's sleeping:*] I do not know that any correction is  
 necessary, but I think we might read:

————— *eyes do never give,*  
*But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping:——.*

*Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist wea-*  
*ther,) but by lust or laughter, undisturb'd by emotions of pity.* JOHNSON.

————— *Pity's sleeping:*] So, in Daniel's second Sonnet, 1594:

“Waken her *sleeping pity* with your crying.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *It almost turns*

*My dangerous nature wild.*] i. e. It almost turns my dangerous  
 nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant  
*wildness.* Shakspeare wrote:

*It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.*

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that,  
 he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception  
 but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *recte.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted.  
 To turn wild is to *disfract*. An appearance so unexpected, says  
 Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. Accordingly he  
 examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

“————— Let me behold

“Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—”

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

“Perpetual-sober gods!”

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

JOHNSON.

He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his  
 actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already distracted,



Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—  
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
 Perpetual-sober <sup>6</sup> gods! I do proclaim  
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
 I sell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
 For many so arrive at second masters,  
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
 If not a usuring<sup>7</sup> kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

and therefore it would be idle to talk of turning such “a dangerous nature wild:” it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

“Even make me wild.”)

but surely the kindness and fidelity of his steward was more likely to soften and compose him; that is, to render his dangerous nature mild. I therefore strongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Perpetual-sober* — ] Old copy, unmetrically,  
 You perpetual &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> If not a usuring — ] If not seems to have slipped in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty.

MALONE.

My opinion most perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The sense of the line, with or without the contested words, is nearly the same; yet, by the omission of them, the metre would become sufficiently regular. STEEVENS.



Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAV. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late :  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living : and believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :  
But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men ;<sup>7</sup>  
Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,  
Debts wither them :<sup>8</sup> Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay,  
And comfort you, my master.

<sup>7</sup> ——— from men ; ] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Debts wither them : ] Old copy—

Debts wither them to nothing :——

I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless. Our author has the same phrase in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Age cannot wither her,—.” STEEVENS.



TIM. If thou hat'st  
Curfes, ftay not ; fly, whilft thou'rt blefs'd and free :  
Ne'er fee thou man, and let me ne'er fee thee.

[ *Exeunt feverally.* ]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The fame. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; <sup>9</sup> TIMON behind, unseen.*

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Poet and Painter; ]* The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have feen Timon, fince Apemantus, ftanding by him could fee them : But the fcenes of the thieves and fteward have paffed before their arrival, and yet paffed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be fufpected, that fome fcenes are tranfpofed, for all thefe difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter firft, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the fcenes muft keep their prefent order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he fays, *he likewife enriched poor ftraggling foldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another : but it muft be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into feparate acts, fo that the prefent diftribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding fcene, Flavius, Timon's fteward, has a conference with his mafter, and receives gold from him. Between this and the prefent fcene, a fingle minute cannot be fup-  
pofed to pafs ; and yet the Painter tells his companion : — *'Tis faid he gave his fteward a mighty fum.* — Where was it faid ? Why in Athens, whence, it muft therefore feem, they are but newly come. Here then fhould be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour



POET. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. RITSON.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive some impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr, Capell. REED.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. XV. p. 158. n. 6.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last.

MALONE.



PAIN. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

PAIN. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish<sup>2</sup> with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

POET. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

PAIN. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.<sup>3</sup> To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of

<sup>2</sup> — a palm — and flourish &c.] This allusion is scriptural, and occurs in *Psalms* xcii. 11: "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the deed of saying is quite out of use.] The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. So, in *King Lear*:

" ————— In my true heart

" I find she names my very deed of love."

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet*:

" As he, in his peculiar act and force,

" May give his saying deed."



will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

TIM. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself:<sup>3</sup> a satire against the softness of prosperity: with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;  
When the day serves,<sup>4</sup> before black-corner'd night,<sup>5</sup>  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

Mr. Pope rejected the words — *of saying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

I claim the merit of having restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It must be a personating of himself;* ] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *When the day serves, &c.* ] Theobald with some probability assigns these two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — — *before black-corner'd night,* ] An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned*? See *Paradise Lost*, Book IV."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."



TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's  
 gold,  
 That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
 Than where swine feed!  
 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the  
 foam;  
 Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
 To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
 'Fit I do meet them.<sup>6</sup> [Advancing.

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble master.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

POET. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
 Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
 Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!  
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —  
 What! to you!  
 Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
 To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
 With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
 Make them best seen, and known.

PAIN.

He, and myself,

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, Night which is as obscure as a dark corner. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." Mr. M. Mason proposes to read, "black-crown'd night;" another correspondent, "black-cover'd night." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> 'Fit I do meet them.] For the sake of harmony in this hemistich, I have supplied the auxiliary verb. STEEVENS.



Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our  
service.

TIM. Most honest men! Why, how shall I re-  
quite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you  
service.

TIM. You are honest men: You have heard that  
I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest  
men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

TIM. Good honest men: — Thou draw'st a coun-  
terfeit<sup>6</sup>

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Even so, fir, as I say: — And, for thy fiction,  
[ *To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art. —

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,  
You take much pains to mend.

<sup>6</sup> — a counterfeit — ] It has been already observed, that a  
portrait was so called in our author's time:

“ ————— What find I here?

“ Fair Portia's counterfeit !” *Merchant of Venice.*

STEEVENS.



BOTH. Beseech your honour;  
To make it known to us.

TIM. You'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a  
knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-  
semble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.<sup>7</sup>

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.<sup>8</sup>

TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you  
gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — a made-up villain. ] That is, a villain that adopts qua-  
lities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.  
JOHNSON.

A made-up villain, may mean a complete, a finished villain.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> Nor I. ] As it may be supposed (perhaps I am repeating a  
remark already made on a similar occasion) that our author de-  
signed his Poet's address to be not less respectful than that of his  
Painter, he might originally have finished this defective verse, by  
writing:

Nor I, my lord. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — in a draught, ] That is, in the jakes. JOHNSON.  
So, in *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 735: "— he was then sitting  
on a draught." STEEVENS.



\* Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this, but two in  
company: —<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — — *but two in company:*] This is an imperfect sentence,  
and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company* spoils all.

WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

JOHNSON.

This passage may receive some illustration from another in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*." The sense is, each man is a *double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578: "Go, and a *knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

" — — — if you needs will go away,

" Take *two knaves* with you by my saye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher: — "Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus:

———— not *two in company*:

*Each man apart*, — —. M. MASON.

*You that way, and you this, but two in company: —*

*Each man apart, all single, and alone;*

*Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.*] The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being



Each man apart, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[ *To the Painter.*

Come not near him. — If thou would'st not reside

[ *To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon. —

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye  
flaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment:<sup>2</sup>

Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that: —

Out, rascal dogs!

[ *Exit, beating and driving them out.*

himself a villain, will take a villain along with him, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts each of them to "hang or stab the villain in his company," i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Cassandra*, puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *You have done work &c.*] For the insertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifest, was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called "excellent workman; in the next the Poet.

MALONE.

I had rather read:

*You've work'd for me, there is your payment: Hence!*

STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

FLAV. It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

1. SEN. Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

2. SEN. At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave. —  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! <sup>3</sup> — Speak,  
and be hang'd:

<sup>3</sup> *Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!]* "Thine eyes," says King Lear to Regan, "do comfort, and not burn."

A similar wish occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"O, sun,

"Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!" STEEVENS.



For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'ring<sup>4</sup> to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

1. SEN.

Worthy Timon,—

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them; and would send them back  
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. SEN.

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,<sup>5</sup>

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2. SEN.

They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the publick body,<sup>6</sup>—which doth seldom

<sup>4</sup> — a caut'ring—] The old copy reads — *cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *cancering*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a fore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — with one consent of love,] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th *Psalms*:

"With one consent let all the earth."

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. See Vol. XIII. p. 211, n. 2; and p. 319, n. 7. MALONE.

This sense of the word consent, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of the first part of *King Henry VI*. See Vol. XIV. p. 6, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which now the publick body,] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our author frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before:



Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own fall,<sup>7</sup> restraining aid to Timon;<sup>8</sup>  
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,<sup>9</sup>  
 Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;<sup>2</sup>

for which perhaps the carelessness and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. IV. p. 12, n. 2. So afterwards in the third scene of this act:

“ Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
 “ Yet our old love made a particular force,  
 “ And made us speak like friends.”

See also the Poet's last speech in p. 179.—Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what oversight could *Which* be printed instead of *And*? MALONE.

The mistake might have been that of the transcriber, not the printer. STEEVENS.

7 *Of its own fall,*] The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once suspected that our author wrote—Of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ That if you *fail* in our request, the blame  
 “ May hang upon your hardness.”

But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text:

“ ————— In, and prepare:  
 “ Ours is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the snare.”

Again, in sc. iv:

“ Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
 “ Whose *fall* the mark of his ambition is.” MALONE.

8 ——— restraining aid to Timon;] I think it should be *restraining* aid, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

Where is the difference? To *restrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

9 ——— sorrowed render,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is confession. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. iv:

“ ————— may drive us to a render  
 “ Where we have liv'd.”

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

2 *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;*] This, which was in the former editions, can scarcely be right, and yet I know



Ay, even such heaps and fums of love and wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;  
Surprize me to the very brink of tears :  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1. SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with  
us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power,<sup>3</sup> and thy good name  
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up<sup>4</sup>  
His country's peace.

not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

————— *Ay, ev'n such heaps,  
And fums of love and wealth, down by the dram,  
As shall to thee ——. JOHNSON.*

The speaker means, a recompence that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness. M. MASON.

A recompence so large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Allow'd with absolute power,] Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — like a boar too savage, doth root up —] This image



2. SEN. And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

1. SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir;  
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks  
it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care  
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,<sup>5</sup>  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,<sup>6</sup>  
As thieves to keepers.

might have been caught from *Psalms* lxxx. 13: “The wild boar  
out of the wood doth root it up” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,*] A whittle is still in  
the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife,  
such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a “Sheffield thwittell.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— of the prosperous gods,] I believe *prosperous* is used here  
with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense:  
*the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.* So, in  
*Othello*:

“To my unfolding lend a *prosperous* ear.”

I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great  
distributors of prosperity, that they may so keep and guard you, as  
sailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALONE.

I do not see why the epithet—*prosperous*, may not be employed



FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness<sup>7</sup>  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

1. SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit<sup>8</sup> doth put it.

1. SEN. That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. SEN. These words become your lips as they  
pass through them.

2. SEN. And enter in our ears, like great  
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love,<sup>9</sup> with other incident throes

here with its common signification, and mean—the gods who are  
*prosperous in all their undertakings*. Our author, elsewhere, has  
*blessed gods, clear gods, &c.*; nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his  
*Medea*, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ  
παῖδες MAKAPΩN. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — My long sickness — ] The disease of life begins to promise  
me a period. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — bruit — ] i. e. report, rumour. So, in *King Henry VI.*  
P. III:

“The bruit whereof will bring you many friends.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Their pangs of love, &c.* ] Compare this part of Timon's speech  
with part of the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.



That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them : <sup>2</sup>

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. SEN. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, <sup>3</sup> which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, <sup>4</sup>  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you still  
shall find him.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *I will some kindness—*] i. e. I will do them some kindness; for such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of these words, independent of the supplemental—*do them*, which only serves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, for this thought. He might however have found it in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28, as well as in several other places. STEEVENS.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, (the people being assembled in the market-place, about dispatch of some affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speake unto the people; and silence being made, everie man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hauged themselves; and because I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.'" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.



TIM. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,  
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;  
 Which once a day<sup>5</sup> with his embossed froth<sup>6</sup>  
 The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end :  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend !  
 Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !  
 Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.  
 [Exit TIMON.]

1. SEN. His discontents are unremoveably  
 Coupled to nature.

2. SEN. Our hope in him is dead : let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear peril.<sup>7</sup>

2. SEN. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> Which *once a day*—] Old copy—*Who*. For the correction [whom] I am answerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the second folio) read—*Which* once, &c.

MALONE.

*Which*, in the second folio (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—*Who*. Surely, it is the *everlasting mansion*, or the *beach* on which it stands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpse of *Timon*. Thus we often say that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it, is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — embossed *froth* —] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. See Vol. IX. p. 211, n. 2. The thought is from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

*Embossed* froth, is swollen froth ; from *boss*, Fr. a tumour. The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *embogar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *In our dear peril*.] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.



## SCENE III.

*The Walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1. SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his  
files

As full as thy report?

MES. I have spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2. SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring  
not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier,<sup>8</sup> one mine ancient  
friend;<sup>9</sup>—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,

*Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

*Dear* may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate each of the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

In the following situations, however, it cannot signify either *dire* or *dreadful*:

"confort with me in loud and *dear* petition."

*Troilus and Cressida.*

"—— Some *dear* cause

"Will in concealment wrap me up a while." *King Lear.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— a courier,] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read—*once mine ancient friend*. STEEVENS.



And made us speak like friends:<sup>2</sup>—this man was  
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his fake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from Timon.*

1. SEN. Here come our brothers.

3. SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

SOL. By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is  
this?

<sup>a</sup> Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends:] Our author, hurried away by  
strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes  
great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means,  
*Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet  
the force of our old affection wrought so much upon, as to make  
*him speak to me* as a friend. See p. 380, n. 6. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our  
author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably,  
corrupted by transcribers or printers, and would not have proceeded,  
in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we  
cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on  
the stage.—The awkward repetition of the verb—*made*, very strongly  
countenances my present observation. STEEVENS.



Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span :  
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.* [Old copy—*read this.*] Some beast *read* what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read :

*Some beast rear'd this ;—*

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods ; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. **WARBURTON.**

“ The soldier (says Theobald) had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it.” In support of his emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge* :

“ Here is no food, nor beds ; nor any house

“ Built by a better architect than *beasts*.” **MALONE.**

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead* ; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskillful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. **JOHNSON.**

It is evident, that the soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has not seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier ; *Timon is certainly dead : some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?*

**RITSON.**

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text :—*Some beast rear'd this.* Our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed



Dead, fure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character  
I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:

Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

*Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*.

Besides; from the time he asks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inscription*?] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beast *read* this,"—the soldier is first made to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifest that it must have been formed by a beast.

A passage in *King Lear* also adds support to the emendation:

"——— this hard house,

"More hard than are the stones whereof 'tis rais'd."

MALONE.



With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,<sup>3</sup> and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,<sup>4</sup>  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, *No more*:<sup>5</sup> now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;  
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. SEN. Noble, and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.<sup>6</sup>

The foregoing observations are acute in the extreme, and I have not scrupled to adopt the reading they recommend. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— travers'd *arms*,] Arms across. JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in *The Tempest*:

"His *arms* in this sad *knot*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the time is flush*,] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,*  
*Cries, of itself, No more*:] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. Warburton.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. Holland's translation, B. VIII. c. xviii. REED.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

I wish the reader may not find himself affected in the same manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a similar exclamation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Above their quantity*.] *Their* refers to *rages*. Warburton.



2. SEN. So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means;<sup>7</sup>  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

1. SEN. These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs:<sup>8</sup> nor are they such  
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should  
fall

For private faults in them.<sup>9</sup>

2. SEN. Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out;<sup>2</sup>

*Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," must be considered as parenthetical. The modern editors have substituted *ingratitude* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *So did we woo*

*Transformed Timon to our city's love,*

*By humble message, and by promis'd means;*] *Promis'd means* must import the recruiting of his sunk fortunes; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made:

———— and by *promis'd mends*. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

*By promis'd means*, is by promising him a competent subsistence. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "Your *means* are very slender, and your waste is great." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *You have receiv'd your griefs;*] The old copy has — *grief*; but as the senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the press. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *For private faults in them.*] That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the motives that you first went out;*] i. e. those who made the motion for your exile. This word is as perversely employed in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"———— her wanton spirits look out

"At every joint and *motive* of her body." STEEVENS.



Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
 Hath broke their hearts.<sup>4</sup> March, noble lord,  
 Into our city with thy banners spread:  
 By decimation, and a tithed death,  
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
 Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

1. SEN. All have not offended;  
 For those that were, it is not square,<sup>5</sup> to take,  
 On those that are, revenges:<sup>6</sup> crimes, like lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:  
 Spare thy Athenian cradle,<sup>7</sup> and those kin,  
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd,

<sup>4</sup> *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*  
*Hath broke their hearts.*] Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of  
 shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough  
 not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some  
 emendation may be offered that will make the construction less  
 harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,*  
*Hath broke their hearts.*

*Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost*  
*excess.* JOHNSON.

I think that Theobald has, on this occasion, the advantage of  
 Johnson. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we should  
 not have recourse to correction, — *Cunning* was not, in Shakspeare's  
 time, confined to a bad sense, but was used to express knowledge  
 or understanding. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — *not square,*] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *revenges:*] Old copy — *revenge.* Corrected by Mr.  
 Steevens. See the preceding speech. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *thy Athenian cradle,*] Thus *Ovid*, Met. VIII. 99:  
 " — *Jovis incunabula Crete.*" STEEVENS.







Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied,<sup>4</sup> to your publick laws  
At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.<sup>5</sup>

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

SOL. My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:  
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture: which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.<sup>6</sup>

ALCIB. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *But shall be remedied,*] The construction is, But he shall be remedied; but Shakspeare means, that his offence shall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the second folio, for *to*, in the last line but one of this speech, substituted *by*, which all the subsequent editors adopted.

MALONE.

I profess my inability to extract any determinate sense from these words as they stand, and rather suppose the reading in the second folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpse of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Descend, and keep your words.*] Old copy—*Defend*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — — *for my poor ignorance.*] *Poor* is here used as a dissyllable, as *door* is in *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — — *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.



*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate;  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here  
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow,<sup>8</sup> and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.<sup>9</sup> Dead

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

## TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

" My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and past,  
" My carren corps enterred here, is graspt in ground,  
" In weltring waves of swelling seas by fourses caste;  
" My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —our brain's flow,] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read, — *brine's flow*. Our brain's flow is our tears; but we may read, our brine's flow, our salt tears. Either will serve. JOHNSON.  
Our brain's flow is right. So, in *Sir Giles Goosetrap*, 1606:

" I shed not the tears of my brain."

Again, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

" But he from rocks that fountains can command,

" Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — on faults forgiven.] Alcibiades's whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addresses to the Athenian senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy.

THEOBALD.

I suspect that we ought to read:

———— One fault's forgiven.—Dead

Is noble Timon; &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, " why should Neptune weep over







C O R I O L A N U S.\*



CORLIOTUS



PERSONS represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Titus Lartius, General against the Volscians.

Cominius.

Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Tribune of the People.

Junius Brutus.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.

\* CORIOLANUS.] This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the *Life of Coriolanus* in *Plutarch*.

POPE.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Plebeians, Tribunes, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antients.



## PERSONS represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*  
Cominius,

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*  
Junius Brutus,

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

*A Roman Herald.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

*A Citizen of Antium.*

*Two Volscian Guards.*

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,  
Licitors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to  
Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Ter-  
ritories of the Volscians and Antiates.*



# C O R I O L A N U S.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1. CIT. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

CIT. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. CIT. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

CIT. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. CIT. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

CIT. We know't, we know't.

1. CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

CIT. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. CIT. One word, good citizens.

1. CIT. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:<sup>2</sup> What authority furfeits on, would

<sup>2</sup> 1. Cit. *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:]*



relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:<sup>3</sup> the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. —Let us revenge this with our pikes,<sup>4</sup> ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*Good* is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ho*:

“ ——— known good men, well monied.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Antonio's a good man.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— but they think, we are too dear: ] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here fluffed a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes*: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes*. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in *I flandick*, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.

JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the clerk's horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 288:

“ As lene was his hors as is a rake.”



2. CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

CIT. Against him first; <sup>5</sup> he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. CIT. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. CIT. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude <sup>6</sup> of his virtue.

2. CIT. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

"His body lean and meagre *as a rake*."

*As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

"A meigre leane *rake*," &c.

This passage, however, seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition: as also does the following from Churchyard's *Tragicall Discourse of the haplesse man's life*, 1593:

"And though *as leane as rake* in every rib." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Cit. *Against him first*; &c.] This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to the altitude — ] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"He's traitor to the height." STEEVENS.



accusations; he hath faults, with furplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

CIT. Come, come.

1. CIT. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2. CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. CIT. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?  
Where go you  
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. CIT. Our business<sup>7</sup> is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,  
Will you undo yourselves?

1. CIT. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

<sup>7</sup> *Our business &c.*] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus. MALONE.



Strike at the heaven with your slaves, as lift them  
 Against the Roman state; whose course will on  
 The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
 Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
 Appear in your impediment:<sup>8</sup> For the dearth,  
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,  
 You are transported by calamity  
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander  
 The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,  
 When you curse them as enemies.

1. CIT. Care for us! — True, indeed! — They  
 ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and  
 their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts  
 for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any  
 wholesome act established against the rich; and  
 provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up  
 and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,  
 they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you must  
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
 To scale 't a little more.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *cracking ten thousand curbs*

*Of more strong link asunder, than can ever*

*Appear in your impediment: ]* So, in *Othello*:

“ I have made my way through more impediments

“ Than twenty times your stop.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I will venture*

*To scale 't a little more. ]* To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called — “a *scal'd* pottle of wine” in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. So, in *The*



1. CIT. Well, I'll hear it, fir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:<sup>2</sup> but, an't please you, deliver.

MEN. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments<sup>3</sup>

*Hystorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c.* a play published in 1599:

“ The hugie beapes of cares that lodged in my minde,

“ Are *skaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, already quoted:

“ — Cut off his beard. —

“ Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little *scal'd* hair.” In the North they *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welchmen during the absence of Richard II. says: “ — they would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away.” So again, p. 530: “ — whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies.” In the learned Ruddiman's *Glossary* to Gawin Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is given. “ *Skail, skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crives passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *schevel*, *skail*; but of a more general signification.” See Vol. VI. p. 118, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads — *stale* it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — — disgrace with a tale:] Disgraces are hardships, injuries. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — — where the other instruments — ] Where for whereas. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. X. p. 59, n. 6:

“ As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“ The instruments that feel.” MALONE.



Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate,<sup>4</sup> did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

1. CIT. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MEN. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile.  
Which ne'er came from the lungs,<sup>5</sup> but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile<sup>6</sup>  
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly<sup>7</sup>  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.<sup>8</sup>

1. CIT. Your belly's answer: What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart,<sup>9</sup> the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they —

MEN. What then? —

<sup>4</sup> ——— *participate*, ] Here means *participant*, or *participating*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Which ne'er came from the lungs*, ] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I may make the belly smile*, ] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said,” &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *even so most fitly* ——— ] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *They are not such as you*. ] I suppose we should read — *They are not as you*. So, in St. Luke, xviii. 11. “God, I thank thee, I am not as this publican.” The pronoun — *such*, only disorders the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The counsellor heart*, ] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the understanding. See the next note. MALONE.



'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?

1. CIT. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body, —

MEN.

Well, what then?

1. CIT. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

MEN.

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. CIT. You are long about it.

MEN.

Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.

*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,*

*That I receive the general food at first,*

*Which you do live upon: and fit it is;*

*Because I am the store-house, and the shop*

*Of the whole body: But if you do remember,*

*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*

*Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o' the brain;*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— to the seat o' the brain;] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat, the brain.

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* A& III. sc. iv:

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy *seat*. ” ——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

“ The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,

“ The *counsellor heart*, ——.” TYRWHITT.



And, through the cranks and offices of man,<sup>2</sup>  
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
 From me receive that natural competency  
 Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark  
 me, —

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: "Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There REASON laid open before them," &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II. in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the royal seat, the throne. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. "I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the royal residence, the *heart*, in which the kingly-crowned understanding sits enthroned."

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"The rightful heir to England's royal *seat*."

In like manner in *Twelfth Night*, our author has erected the throne of love in the *heart*:

"It gives a very echo to the *seat*

"Where love is throned."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne."

See also a passage in *King Henry V.* where *seat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. XIII. p. 299, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the cranks and offices of man,] Cranks are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.



1. CIT. Ay, fir; well, well.

MEN: *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?*

1. CIT. It was an answer: How apply you this?

MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things  
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,  
No publick benefit, which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
You, the great toe of this assembly? —

1. CIT. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MEN. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,  
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage,<sup>3</sup> —

*Cranks are windings. So, in Venus and Adonis:*

*"He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles."*

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.] I think, we may better  
read, by an easy change,*

*Thou rascal that art worst in blood, to ruin*

*Lead'st first, to win &c.*

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead  
thy fellows to ruin, in hope of some advantage. The meaning,  
however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running  
dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to  
be gotten. JOHNSON.

*Worst in blood* may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI. P. I:*

*"If we be English deer, be then in blood,"*

i. e. high spirits, in vigour.



But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
 The one side must have bale.<sup>4</sup>—Hail, noble Mar-  
 cius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you diffen-  
 tious rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs?

Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, A& IV. sc. v. "But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*," &c.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these passages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal; and that "worst in blood," is *least in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest. See Vol. XIV. p. 120, n. 2.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running off all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—

"From *rasicals* worse than they."

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity*:

"For light she hated as the deadly *bale*."

*Spenser's Faery Queen.*

Mr. M. Mason observes that "*bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days. STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.



1. CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee, will  
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you  
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud.<sup>5</sup> He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.<sup>6</sup> Who deserves great-  
ness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust  
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

<sup>5</sup> *That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud.* ] Coriolanus does not use these two  
sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness,  
then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.* ] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well  
of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail  
at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.



Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?<sup>7</sup>

MEN. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,

Who thrives, and who declines: <sup>8</sup> fide factions, and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their liking,

Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,<sup>9</sup>

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry

With thousands <sup>2</sup> of these quarter'd slaves, as high

<sup>7</sup> *What's their seeking?* ] *Seeking* is here used substantively. — The answer is, "Their seeking, or *suit*, (to use the language of the time,) is for corn." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *who's like to rise,*

Who thrives, and who declines: ] The words — *who thrives*, which destroy the metre, appear to be an evident and tasteless interpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *their ruth,* ] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective — *ruthless*, which is still current. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I'd make a quarry*

*With thousands* — ] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"And like a quarry cast them on the land."

See Vol. XI. p. 222, n. 7. STEEVENS.

The word *quarry* occurs in *Macbeth*, where Ross says to Macduff,

" — to state the manner,

"Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer

"To add the death of you."



As I could pick my lance.<sup>2</sup>

MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

MAR. They are dissolv'd : Hang 'em !  
They said, they were an hungry ; figh'd forth pro-  
verbs ;—

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must  
eat ;

That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods  
sent not

In a note on this last passage, Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian* ; and from thence I suppose the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, when Fortinbras sees so many lying dead, he says

“ This *quarry* cries, on havock ! ”

and in the last scene of *A Wife for a Month*, Valerio, in describing his own fictitious battle with the Turks, says

“ I saw the child of honour, for he was young,  
“ Deal such an alms among the spiteful Pagans,  
“ And round about his reach, invade the Turks,  
“ He had intrench'd himself in his dead *quarries*.”

M. MASON.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that “ a *quarry* among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting.” This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— pick my lance. ] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

So, in *An Account of antient customs and games*, &c. Mss. Harl. 2057, fol. 10. b.

“ To wrestle, play at strole-ball, [stool-ball] or to runne,  
“ To *picke* the barre, or to shoot off a gun.”

The word is again used in *King Henry VIII.* with only a slight variation in the spelling : “ I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else.” See Vol. XVI. p. 199, n. 9. MALONE.



Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,<sup>3</sup>  
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,<sup>4</sup>  
Shouting their emulation.<sup>5</sup>

MEN. What is granted them?

MAR. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-  
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,<sup>6</sup>  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

<sup>3</sup> — the heart of generosity,] To give the final blow to the nobles. Generosity is high birth. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"The generous and gravest citizens —."

See Vol. VI. p. 180, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — hang them on the horns o' the moon,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Shouting their emulation.] Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest. MALONE.

*Emulation*, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*.

*Emulation*, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superiour excellence. Thus in *King Henry VI.* P. 1:

"—— the trust of England's honour

"Keep off aloof with worthless emulation."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"While emulation in the army crept."

i. e. faction. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — unroof'd the city,] Old Copy — *unrooft*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.<sup>6</sup>

MEN. This is strange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MES. Where's Caius Marcius?

MAR. Here: What's the matter?

MES. The news is, fir, the Volces are in arms.

MAR. I am glad on't; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other  
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VE-  
LUTUS.*

1. SEN. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately  
told us;

The Volces are in arms.<sup>7</sup>

MAR. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

<sup>6</sup> For insurrection's arguing. ] For insurgents to debate upon.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— 'tis true, that you have lately told us;

*The Volces are in arms.* ] Coriolanus had been just told himself that the Volces were in arms. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.



Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

1. SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR. Sir, it is;  
And I am constant.<sup>9</sup>—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true bred!

1. SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where, I  
know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. Lead you on:—  
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;  
Right worthy you priority.<sup>2</sup>

COM. Noble Lartius!<sup>3</sup>

1. SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone.  
[ To the Citizens.

MAR. Nay, let them follow:  
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *constant.*] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“But I am *constant* as the northern star.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Right worthy you priority.*] You being right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read—*your* priority. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Noble Lartius!*] Old copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses Marcius. MALONE.



To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth :<sup>2</sup> pray, follow.

[ *Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.  
*Citizens steal away.*

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>3</sup> the gods.

SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Your valour puts well forth :* ] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII :*

“ — To-day he puts forth

“ The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — to gird — ] To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me.* JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew :*

“ I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio ”

Many instances of the use of this word, might be added.

STEEVENS.

To gird, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “ in some parts of England means to push vehemently. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he girds at it.” To gird likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a stroke of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes gird, nip, and twinge, synonymous. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The present wars devour him : he is grown*

*Too proud to be so valiant.* ] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed, but that the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that*



SIC.

Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,—  
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

he is eaten up with pride, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. **WARBURTON.**

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities*. To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in the second part of *King Henry IV.* A& IV. sc. iv:

“ But thou [ the crown ] most fine, most honour'd, most  
renown'd,

"Hast eat thy beaver up."

To be *eat up with pride*, is still a phrase in common and vulgar use.

*He is grown too proud to be so valiant*, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour.

STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. "The present wars," Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A& II. sc. iii:

“ — He that's proud, *eats up* himself.”

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is,  
 "he is grown too proud of being so valiant, to be endured."

MALONE.



Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he  
Had borne the business!*

SIC. Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.<sup>5</sup>

BRU. Come;  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his  
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity,<sup>6</sup> he goes  
Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> *Of his demerits rob Cominius.* ] Merits and demerits had anciently the same meaning: So, in *Othello*:

" — and my demerits

" May speak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his servants, " — I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your demerits." Again, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Epistle to T. Vespasian*, 1600: " — his demerit had been the greater to have continued his story." STEEVENS.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69. " — this noble prince, for his demerits called the good duke of Gloucester, —."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *More than his singularity, &c.* ] We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion, beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him, he goes into the field. So, in *Twelfth-night*: "Put thyself into the trick of singularity." STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.**Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1. SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?  
What ever hath been thought on<sup>7</sup> in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,<sup>8</sup>  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think;  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*reads.*  
*They have press'd a power,<sup>9</sup> but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,*

<sup>7</sup> ——— hath been thought on ——— ] Old copy—*have.* Corrected  
by the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— 'Tis not four days gone, ] i. e. four days past.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They have press'd a power,* ] Thus the modern editors. The  
old copy reads—*They have prest a power*; which may signify have  
a power ready; from *pret*, Fr. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“And I am *prest* unto it.”

See note on this passage, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were  
generally so spelt in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I  
believe *press'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been  
used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impress'd*. So, in Plutarch's  
life of Coriolanus, translated by Sir T. North, 1579: “— the  
common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their  
names by a bill, to *press* them for the warres.” Again, in *King  
Henry VI.* P. III:

“From London by the king was I *press'd* forth.”

MALONE,



(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,) And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you: Consider of it.

1. SEN. Our army's in the field: We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly, To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching, It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery, We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was, To take in many towns,<sup>9</sup> ere, almost, Rome Should know we were afoot.

2. SEN. Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; hie you to your bands; Let us alone to guard Corioli: If they set down before us, for the remove Bring up your army;<sup>2</sup> but, I think, you'll find

<sup>9</sup> To take in many towns,] To take in is here as in many other places, to subdue. So, in *The Execration of Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson:

“ ——— The Globe, the glory of the Bank,  
“ I saw with two poor chambers taken in,  
“ And raz'd.” MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— cut the Ionian sea,  
“ And take in Toryne.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— for the remove

Bring up your army;] Says the senator to Aufidius, Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

——— for their remove. JOHNSON.

The remove and their remove are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty.

MALONE.



They have not prepar'd for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,<sup>3</sup>  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

ALL. The gods assist you!

AUF. And keep your honours safe!

1. SEN. Farewell.

2. SEN. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on  
two low stools, and sew.*

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-  
self in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my  
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence  
wherein he won honour, then in the embracements  
of his bed, where he would show most love. When  
yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of  
my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd  
all gaze his way;<sup>4</sup> when, for a day of kings' en-

<sup>3</sup> *I speak from certainties. Nay, more, ]* Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading—

*I speak from very certainties. &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; ]*  
i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.



treaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak.<sup>4</sup> I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIR. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

GENT. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIR. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.<sup>5</sup>

VOL. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *brows bound with oak.* ] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *to retire myself.* ] This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) has already occurred in *The Tempest*:



As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards ; you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome :* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping,<sup>6</sup> forth he goes ;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

VIR. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

VOL. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt his trophy :<sup>7</sup> The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,<sup>8</sup>  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

VIR. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius ?

VOL. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

“ ——— I will thence

“ *Retire me to my Milan —.*”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ I have *retir'd* me to a wasteful cock,—.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 64, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *With his mail'd hand then wiping,* ] i. e. his hand cover'd or  
arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *Than gilt his trophy :* ] Gilt means a superficial display of gold,  
a word now obsolete. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ Our gayness and our gilt, are all besmirch'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,* ] The accuracy of  
the first folio may be ascertained from the manner in which this line  
is printed :

*At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria.* STEEVENS.



*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam,—

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,<sup>8</sup> in good faith. —How does your little son?

VIR. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the fwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam-mock'd it!<sup>9</sup>

VOL. One of his father's moods.

VAL. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

VIR. A crack, madam.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *A fine spot,* ] This expression (whatever may be the precise meaning of it) is still in use among the vulgar: "You have made a *fine spot* of work of it," being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *mam-mock'd it!* ] To *mam-mock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"That he were chopt in *mam-mocks*, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A crack, madam.* ] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson;



VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

VIR. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors!

VOL. She shall, she shall.

VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIR. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOL. Why, I pray you?

VIR. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VAL. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

VAL. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

“ ——— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelessly, and capriciously.”  
Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“ A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*.”

*Crack* signifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the second part of *King Henry IV*. Vol. XIII. p. 127, n. 9. STEEVENS.



VIR. Indeed, madam?

VAL. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars; This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

VOL. Lether alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady. — Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

VIR. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

VAL. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

MAR. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

LART. My horse to yours, no.



MAR. 'Tis done.

LART. Agreed.

MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy?

MES. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

LART. So, the good horse is mine.

MAR. I'll buy him of you.

LART. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

MAR. How far off lie these armies?

MES. Within this mile and half.<sup>3</sup>

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;  
That we with smoking fwords may march from  
hence,

To help our fielded friends!<sup>4</sup>—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. SEN. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little.<sup>5</sup> Hark, our drums  
[*Alarums afar off.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Within this mile and half.*] The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted; as we are told in p. 243, that—  
“ 'Tis not a mile” between the two armies. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — fielded friends!] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.] The sense requires it to be read:  
— nor a man that fears you more than he;



Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our  
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with  
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it!

LART. Their noise be our instruction.—Lad-  
ders, ho!

*The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.*

MAR. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on  
my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,  
And he shall feel mine edge,

Or, more probably:

—nor a man but fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.—JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always  
entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. See Vol. X. p. 84,  
n. 5. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was  
the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should  
have written—*but* fears you less, &c. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's note appears to me unnecessary, nor do I think  
with Mr. Malone that Shakspeare has here *entangled* himself; but  
on the contrary that he could not have expressed himself better.  
The sense is "*however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you, there is  
not a man within the walls that fears you *less*." DOUCE.



*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.*  
*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-*  
*enter MARCIUS.*<sup>4</sup>

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on  
 you,  
 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and  
 plagues<sup>5</sup>  
 Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd  
 Further than seen, and one infect another  
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
 From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!  
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

<sup>4</sup> *Re-enter Marcius,*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius cursing.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues &c.*] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. VI. p. 344, n. 7; Vol. VII. p. 106, n. 8, and p. 211, n. 8, and Vol. VIII. p. 43, n. 2. For the present regulation I am answerable. “You herd of *cowards!*” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

“—one's Junius Brutus,  
 “Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'sdeath,  
 “The rabble should have first,” &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

“—Are these your *herd*?  
 “Must these have voices,” &c.

Again: “More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsmen* of the beastly plebeians.”

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed instead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

“You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues  
 “Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.



With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge  
 home,  
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
 And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;  
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,  
 and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into  
 Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]*

1. SOL. Fool-hardiness! not I.

2. SOL. Nor I.

3. SOL. See, they

Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS,*

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,  
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
 Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
 To answer all the city.

LART. O noble fellow?

Who, sensible, outdares<sup>5</sup> his senseless sword,

<sup>5</sup> *Who, sensible, outdares —*] The old editions read:  
*Who sensibly out-dares —*



And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-  
cius:

A carbuncle entire,<sup>6</sup> as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and

Thirlby reads:

*Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

*Sensible* is here, having *sensation*. So before: I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. MALONE.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293:

"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A carbuncle entire, &c.*] So, in *Othello*:

"If heaven had made me such another woman,

"Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

"I'd not have ta'en it for her." MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Thou wast a soldier*

*Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible?*

*Only in strokes; &c.*] In the old editions it was:

——— *Calvus' wish: ———*

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*Calvus* wish. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakespeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backs, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but



The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.<sup>7</sup>

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1. SOL.

Look, sir.

LART.

'Tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain<sup>8</sup> alike.

*[They fight, and all enter the city.]*

to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimaces of his countenance." North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder *Cato* "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that *Cato* was not contemporary with *Coriolanus*, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even suspect that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentic ancient copy. The substitution of *Calves*, instead of *Cato's*, is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* with; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque*, 1613 :

" And what will Junoes Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calves*. See a subsequent passage in Act II. sc. ult in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — as if the world

Were feverous, and did tremble.] So, in *Macbeth* :

" — some say, the earth

" Was feverous, and did shake. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — make remain —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANMER.



## S C E N E V.

*Within the town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1. ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

2. ROM. And I this.

3. ROM. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*[Alarum continues still afar off.]*

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

MAR. See here these movers, that do prize their  
hours<sup>9</sup>

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them,<sup>2</sup> these base slaves,

<sup>9</sup> ——— prize their hours ———] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizens per-adventure were fighting with their enemies." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— doublets that hangmen would

*Bury with those that wore them,*] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. See Vol. VI. p. 151, n. 5. MALONE.



Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down with  
them. —

And hark, what noise the general makes! — To  
him: —

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

LART. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,<sup>a</sup>  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthiest Marcius! —

[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> *Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.*

Lart. *Now the fair goddess, Fortune,*] The metre being here  
violated, I think we might safely read with Sir T. Hanmer (omitting  
the words — *to me*):

*Than dangerous: To Aufidius thus will I  
Appear, and fight.*

*Now the fair goddess, Fortune, —. STEEVENS.*



## S C E N E VI.

*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own;<sup>3</sup>  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
t'ring,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

MES. The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

MES. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their  
drums:

<sup>3</sup> — The Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own; ] i. e. May the Roman  
gods, &c. MALONE.



How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,<sup>4</sup>  
And bring thy news so late?

MES. Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, fir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter* MARCIUS.

COM. Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

MAR. Come I too late?

COM. The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.<sup>5</sup>

MAR. Come I too late?

<sup>4</sup> — confound an hour, ] *Confound* is here used not in its common  
acceptation, but in the sense of — *to expend*. *Conterere tempus*.  
MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV* P. I. A&. I. sc. iii:

“ He did *confound* the best part of an hour,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *From every meaner man's.* ] [ Old copy — *meaner man.* ] That  
is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is  
found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our  
author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupu-  
lously attended to, Hammer and the subsequent editors who read  
here — *every meaner man's*, ought not in my apprehension to be  
followed, though we should now write so. MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many corresponding offences  
against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age,  
I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as  
in the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish  
of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall forbear to  
set nonsense before my readers; especially when it can be avoided  
by the insertion of a single letter, which indeed might have drop-  
ped out at the press. STEEVENS.



COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

MAR. O! let me clip you  
In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.<sup>6</sup>

COM. Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying,<sup>7</sup> threat'ning the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
think —

<sup>6</sup> — to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Peacham's Complete Gentleman*, 1627: “ Leaping, upon  
a full stomach, or *to bedward*, is very dangerous.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, sign. G. 1:  
“ They donsed also, lest so soon as their backs were turned to  
the *courtward*, and that they had given over the dealings in the  
affairs, there would come in infinite complaints.” REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Ransoming him, or pitying,*] i. e. *remitting his ransom.*

JOHNSON.



Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius,  
We have at disadvantage fought and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on  
which side<sup>8</sup>

They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,  
'Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,<sup>9</sup>  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.<sup>2</sup>

MAR. I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly

<sup>8</sup> — on which side &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

“ Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set direcdly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly prāying his corage.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Antiates*, ] The old copy reads — *Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading:

“ Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates*.”

Our author employs — *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written — *Antiats*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Their very heart of hope*.] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

“ ——— thy desperate arm

“ Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope*.”

MALONE.

In *King Henry IV*. P. I. we have

“ The very bottom and *the soul of hope*.” STEEVENS.







O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
 If these shows be not outward, which of you  
 But is four Volces? None of you, but is  
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
 Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest  
 Shall bear<sup>5</sup> the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
 Which men are best inclin'd.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Though thanks to all, I must select: the rest  
 Shall bear &c.* ] The old copy — I must select from all. I have  
 followed Sir Thomas Hanmer in the omission of words apparently  
 needless and redundant. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Please you to march;  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
 Which men are best inclin'd.* ] I cannot but suspect this passage  
 of corruption. Why should they march, that four might select  
 those that were best inclin'd? How would their inclinations be  
 known? Who were the four that should select them? Perhaps, we  
 may read:

——— *Please you to march;  
 And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,  
 Which men are least inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be  
 changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear  
 which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote:

“ And so I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading.  
 Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend  
 him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will  
 submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself  
 may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shak-  
 speare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old  
 translation of *Plutarch* only says, “ Wherefore, with those that  
 willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the  
 cittie.” STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons  
 to select for his particular command *or party*, those who were best  
 inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice



COM.                      March on, my fellows :  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*The Gates of Corioli.*

**TITUS LARTIUS**, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a scout.

LART. So, let the ports<sup>7</sup> be guarded: keep your  
duties,  
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centuries<sup>8</sup> to our aid; the rest will serve  
For a short holding: If we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

LIEU. Fear not our care, fir.

LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. M. MASON.

7 — the ports — ] i. e. the gates. So, in *Timon of Athens*:  
 “Descend, and open your uncharged ports.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Those* centuries—] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply a hundred; as in *Cymbeline*:

"And on it said a *century* of prayers." STEEVENS.



## SCENE VIII.

*A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.*

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do  
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF. We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy:<sup>7</sup> Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!<sup>8</sup>

AUF. If I fly, Marcus,  
Halloo me like a hare.

MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,<sup>9</sup>  
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *thy fame and envy;*] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. See Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

The phrase—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than—*honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean—*detested or odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *hate*. Or the construction may be—*Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And the gods doom him after!*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold, Enough!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Within these three hours, Tullus,*

*Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,*] If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular. STEEVENS.



AUF. Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,<sup>2</sup>  
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[ *They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid  
of Aufidius.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.<sup>3</sup>

[ *Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*

<sup>2</sup> Wert thou the Hector,

*That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*] The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the whip-hand*, for *he has the advantage*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, “the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possess'd of*.”

MALONE.

*Whip* might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as—the *crack* house in the county,—the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — you have sham'd me

*In your condemned seconds.*] For *condemned*, we may read *condemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help which I despise.

JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary*? Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*; but the latter is right. So King Lear: “No *seconds*? all myself?” STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: “Now prove good *seconds*!” MALONE.



## S C E N E IX.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

COM. If I should tell thee <sup>4</sup> o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,

<sup>4</sup> *If I should tell thee &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There the consul Cominius going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddes for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he himselfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sorte which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes above all other, a goodly horse with a *capparison*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.



And, gladly quak'd,<sup>5</sup> hear more; where the dull  
 Tribunes,  
 That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
 Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*  
*Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—  
 Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
 Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the  
 pursuit.*

LART. O general,  
 Here is the steed, we the caparison:<sup>6</sup>  
 Hadst thou beheld—

MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother,  
 Who has a charter to extol<sup>7</sup> her blood,  
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
 As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd  
 As you have been; that's for my country:<sup>8</sup>  
 He, that has but effected his good will,  
 Hath overta'en mine act.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And, gladly quak'd,* ] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.  
 To *quake* is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in  
 his *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ We'll *quake* them at that bar

“ Where all souls wait for sentence.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Here is the steed, we the caparison:* ] This is an odd encomium.  
 The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up  
 the show.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — a charter to extol— ] A privilege to praise her own son.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — that's for my country: ] The latter word is used here, as  
 in other places, as a trisyllable. See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *He, that hath but effected his good will,*  
*Hath overta'en mine act.* ] That is, has done as much as I have  
 done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have  
 never been able to effect all that I wish'd.







MAR. May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets  
shall<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *When drums and trumpets shall &c.* ] In the old copy:

——— *when drums and trumpets shall*  
*I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and cities be*  
*Made all of false-fac'd soothing.*  
*When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,*  
*Let him be made an overture for the wars:——*

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus:

——— *when drums and trumpets shall*  
*I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,*  
*Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows*  
*Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made*  
*An overture for the wars! ——*

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the camp bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful hymns of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps*; and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him*. **WARBURTON.**

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily. I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns*; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

“ —— when steel grows  
“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made  
“ A *coverture* for the wars!”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.* **TYRWHITT.**

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of



I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
 Soft as the parasite's filk, let him be made  
 An overture for the wars! No more, I say;  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without  
 note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
 In acclamations hyperbolical;  
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you;  
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,

*it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation:—

*Si non errâset, fecerat ille minus.* STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: "An overturning; a sudden change." The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as filk, let filk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

"And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns?"

Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

"And in my temper *soften'd valour's steel*."

*Overture*, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland.

MALONE.



Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,<sup>4</sup>  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.<sup>5</sup>—Bear  
The addition nobly ever!

*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

COR. I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *For what he did &c.]* So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“After this shewte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.]* A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the



COM. So, to our tent:  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best,<sup>8</sup> with whom we may articulate,<sup>9</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

COR. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house;<sup>a</sup> he us'd me kindly:  
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you

promised future achievements, as the future additions to that coat.  
HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair*; *fairness* may  
therefore be *equality*; *in proportion equal to my power*. JOHNSON.

“To the fairness of my power”—is, as fairly as I can.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *The best,*] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *with whom we may articulate,*] i. e. *enter into articles*.  
This word occurs again in *Henry IV.* Act V. sc. i:

“Indeed these things you have articulated.”

i. e. set down *article by article*. So, in Hollinshed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163: “The earl of Desmond's treasons articulated.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *At a poor man's house;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me.  
Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoste of mine, an  
honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in  
great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in  
the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his  
miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could  
saue him from this one daunger: to keepe him from being solde as  
a slaue.” STEEVENS.



To give my poor host freedom.

COM.

O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should

Be free, as is the wind.<sup>3</sup> Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcius, his name?

COR.

By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

COM.

Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three soldiers.*

AUF. The town is ta'en!

1. SOL. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUF. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volce, be that I am.<sup>4</sup>—Condition!

<sup>3</sup> — *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you like it*:

“ — I must have liberty,

“ Withal, as large a charter *as the wind.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian.*] I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

*Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!* JOHNSON.



What good condition can a treaty find  
 I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
 I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
 me;

And would'st do so, I think should we encounter  
 As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,<sup>4</sup>  
 He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
 Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where<sup>5</sup>  
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
 (True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some  
 way;<sup>6</sup>

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I. SOL. He's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
 poison'd,<sup>7</sup>

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— meet him beard to beard,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ We might have met them dareful, beard to beard —.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— for where—] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— I'll potch at him some way;] Mr. Heath reads—*poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.

Cole in his *DICTIONARY*, 1679, renders “to *poche*,” *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So *to eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: “ They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare.” TOLLET.

<sup>7</sup> — My valour's poison'd, &c.] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

——my valour, poison'd

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall fly out of itself. TYRWHITT.



With only suffering stain by him; for him  
 Shall fly out of itself:<sup>8</sup> nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
 Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,  
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury,<sup>9</sup> shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard,<sup>2</sup> even there  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the  
 city;

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:—

—— my valour's poison'd;  
 Which only suffering stain by him, for him  
 Shall fly out of itself. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> —— for him  
 Shall fly out of itself: ] To mischief him, my valour should  
 deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —— nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.  
 Embarquements all of fury, &c. ] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. The rotten privilege and custom that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find:

“ To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*.  
 “ An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*.”

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has “ to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon.” There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*: but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> At home, upon my brother's guard, ] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ —— and on the court of guard,——.” STEEVENS.



Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

1. SOL.

Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended<sup>2</sup> at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,<sup>3</sup>) bring me word thither  
How the world goes; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

1. SOL.

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> ——— attended — ] i. e. waited for. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:  
" ——— thy interceptor—attends thee at the orchard end."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ('Tis south the city mills,) ——— ] But where could Shakspeare  
have heard of these mills at Antium? I believe we should read:

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

*Coriolanus* speaks of our *divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves* in the  
*holy churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like  
a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention  
to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions,  
probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and*  
*Juliet*:

" ——— underneath the grove of *sycamore*,

" That *westward* rooteth from the *city's* side."

Again:

" It was the *nightingale* and not the *lark* ———

" ——— *Nightly* she sings on *yon pomegranate tree*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, "where could Shakspeare have heard  
of these mills at Antium?" may be answered by another question:  
Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

" And as I ride upon this *flode*,

" On *eche syde* many a *mylle flode*,

" When *nede* was their *graine* and *corne* to *grinde*," &c.

*Auncyent Historie*, &c. 1555. MALONE.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

MEN. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

BRU. Good, or bad?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

SIC. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love?<sup>4</sup>

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

BRU. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

MEN. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH TRIB. Well, sir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor,<sup>5</sup> that you two have not in abundance?

<sup>4</sup> *Pray you, &c.]* When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *In what enormity is Marcius poor,]* [Old copy—*poor in.*] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

*I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by autho-*



BRU. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

SIC. Especially, in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boasting.

MEN. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

BOTH TRIB. Why, how are we censured?

MEN. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

BOTH TRIB. Well, well, fir, well.

MEN. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU. We do it not alone, fir.

MEN. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps ere many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,<sup>6</sup> and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

rity, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspeare should have advanced a phraseology of his own, in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.

As, on the present occasion, the word—*in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.



BRU. What then, fir?

MEN. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.<sup>7</sup>

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; <sup>8</sup> said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night,<sup>9</sup> than with the forehead of the morning. What I think. I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say,<sup>2</sup> your worships have deliver'd the mat-

<sup>7</sup> ——— a brace of unmeriting, — magistrates, — as any in Rome. ] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of as unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; ] Lovelace, in his Verses to *Althea from Prison*, has borrowed this expression:

“ When flowing cups run swiftly round

“ With no allaying Thames,” &c.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques* &c. Vol. II. p. 324, 3d edit. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— one that converses more &c. ] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.” Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“ — Thou art a summer bird,

“ Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

“ The lifting up of day.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— I cannot say, ] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.



ter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,<sup>2</sup> follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your *biffon conspēctivities*<sup>3</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;<sup>4</sup> you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,<sup>5</sup> in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.— When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;<sup>6</sup> and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the

<sup>2</sup> — my *microcosm*, ] So, in *King Lear*:

“ Strives, in his *little world of man* —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *biffon conspēctivities*, ] *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *beefsome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,

“ With *biffon rheum*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — for poor knaves' caps and legs: ] That is, for their obedience showed by bowing to you. To make a *leg* was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. See Vol. XII. p. 286, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — you wear out a good &c. ] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. Warburton.

<sup>6</sup> — set up the bloody flag against all patience; ] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.



more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves : You are a pair of strange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.<sup>7</sup> When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botchers cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships ; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : <sup>8</sup> I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

<sup>7</sup> *Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.]* So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — — *herdsmen of — plebeians:]* As kings are called *πολιτάρχαι*. JOHNSON.



VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:<sup>8</sup>—  
Hoo! Marcius coming home!

TWO LADIES. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel to night:—  
—A letter for me?

VIRG. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

MEN. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>9</sup> is but empiric tick,<sup>2</sup> and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—  
Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

<sup>8</sup> *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:]* Dr. Warburton proposed to read, *Take my cup, Jupiter.*— REED.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *in Galen—]* An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

<sup>2</sup> — *empiric tick,]* The old copies — *empiricktique*. “This most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiric tick*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack.” RITSON.



VOL. On's brows, Menenius:<sup>3</sup> he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiu's'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?<sup>4</sup>

VOL. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives

<sup>3</sup> *On's brows, Menenius:*] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Meuenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate

"To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?

"*Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words,—*"The wounds become him."* Menenius had asked—Brings he victory in his pocket? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*, for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards:

"He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,

"Was *brow-bound* with the *oak*." MALONE.

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— possess'd of this? ] *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose —."

STEEVENS.



my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True? pow, wow.

MEN. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

VOL. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.<sup>5</sup>

VOL. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

VOL. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

<sup>5</sup> ——— *seven hurts &c.* Old copy—*seven hurts i' the body.*

MEN. *One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh;—there's nine that I know.* Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *too*.

WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.



He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;  
 Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;  
 Which being advanc'd, declines;<sup>6</sup> and then men  
 die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and  
 TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS,  
 crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and  
 soldiers, and a Herald.*

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did  
 fight  
 Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,  
 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
 In honour follows, Coriolanus:<sup>7</sup>—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

ALL. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

COR. No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
 Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, sir, your mother,—

COR. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
 For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

VOL. Nay, my good soldier, up;  
 My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

<sup>6</sup> Which being advanc'd, declines;] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— Coriolanus.] The old copy, *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.

STEEVENS.

The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally transposed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
 What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
 But O, thy wife —

COR. My gracious silence, hail!<sup>8</sup>  
 Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
 home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

<sup>8</sup> *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

“ Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

“ Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ A lady's tears are silent orators,

“ Or should be so at least, to move beyond

“ The honey-tongued rhetorician.”

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“ Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!

“ Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

“ More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe “ *My gracious silence*,” only means “ *My beauteous silence*,” or “ *my silent Grace*.” *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ But being season'd with a *gracious* voice.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ There was not such a *gracious* creature born.”

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: — “ he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, fleeking of skinner, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight,” MALONE.



Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack fons.

MEN. Now the gods crown thee!

COR. And live you yet? — O my sweet lady,  
pardon. [ To Valeria.

VOL. I know not where to turn: — O welcome  
home;

And welcome, general; — And you are welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could  
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Wel-  
come:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three,  
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of  
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Com. *Ever right.*

Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.* ]

Rather, I think:

Com. *Ever right Menenius.*

Cor. *Ever, ever.*

Cominius means to say, that — Menenius is *always the same*; — retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, A & V. sc. i. upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says, — *Old Cassius still.*

TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, Coriolanus means to say — Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “ — for *always* I am Cæsar.”

MALONE.



HER. Give way there, and go on.

COR. Your hand, and yours :  
[ *To his wife and mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited ;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours.<sup>2</sup>

VOL. I have liv'd  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy : only there  
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but  
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR. Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

COM. On, to the Capitol.  
[ *Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes come forward.*

BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture<sup>3</sup> lets her baby cry,

<sup>2</sup> *But with them change of honours.* ] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute charge. For change, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it communicated none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies variety of honours; as change of rayment, among the writers of that time, signified variety of rayment. WARBURTON.

Change of raiment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the Old Testament. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Into a rapture* — ] Rapture, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.  
WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a rapture



While she chats him : the kitchen malkin<sup>4</sup> pins

means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rapture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will "cry itself into fits," is still a common phrase among nurses. STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings* :

" — her brainfick *raptures*

" Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel."

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Gole's Latin Dictionary, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule — *de non apparentibus & de non existentibus eadem est ratio* — certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we all the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged. — Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — the kitchen malkin — ] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of swaeeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench.

HANMER.

*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

*Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven, — now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary — "MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination," — is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*.

MALONE.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monfieur Thomas* :

T 2







Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,<sup>8</sup> to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god,<sup>9</sup> who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

<sup>8</sup> *Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, ]* Dr. Warburton, for *war*, ab-  
 surdly reads — *ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies  
 for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though  
 not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

" The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,

" Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field. "

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

" Such *war* of white and red, " &c.

Again, in *Chaucer's Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1040 :

" For with the rose colour *strof* hire hewe. "

Again, in *Dametas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by John  
 Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :

" Amidst her cheekes the rose and lilly *strive*. "

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence* :

" — the lilies

" *Contending with the roses* in her cheek. " STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* ,

" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,

" How *white* and *red* each other did destroy. " MALONE.

*Cleaveland* introduces this, according to his quaint manner :

" — her cheeks,

" Where roses mix; no civil war

" Between her York and Lancaster. " FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> *As if that whatsoever god, ]* That is, *as if that god who leads  
 him, whatsoever god he be*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet :

" Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,

" Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect. "

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" — he hath fought to-day,

" As if a god in hate of mankind had

" Destroy'd in such a shape. " MALONE.



SIC. On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

BRU. Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

SIC. He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end;<sup>2</sup> but will  
Lose those that he hath won.

BRU. In that there's comfort.

SIC. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we  
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little ques-  
tion

As he is proud to do't.<sup>3</sup>

BRU. I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put

<sup>2</sup> *From where he should begin, and end;*] Perhaps it should be read :

*From where he should begin t'an end.* — — JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licenti-  
ously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should  
begin to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the end-  
ing as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours,  
and conclude his journey, *from the spot where he should begin, and*  
*to the spot where he should end.* I have no doubt that the text  
is right.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *Cym-  
beline*, where we find exactly the same phraseology:

" ————— the gap

" That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*

" *AND our return, to excuse,*"

where the modern editors read — *Till our return.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *As he is proud to do't.*] *Proud to do,* is the same as, *proud of*  
*doing.* JOHNSON.

*As* means here, as *that.* MALONE.



The napless vesture<sup>4</sup> of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. 'Tis right.

BRU. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to  
him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

SIC. I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

BRU. 'Tis most like, he will.

SIC. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;  
A sure destruction.<sup>5</sup>

BRU. So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people,<sup>6</sup> in what hatred

<sup>4</sup> *The napless vesture* — ] The players read — the *Naples*, —  
STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means *thread-bare*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II. "Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade their clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new *nap* upon it. John. So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare*."

Plutarch's words are, "with a *poore* gowne on their backes." See p. 293, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *It shall be to him then, as our good wills;  
A sure destruction.* ] This should be written *will's*, for *will is*.  
TYRWHITT.

It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him; *deadly*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — suggest *the people*, ] i. e. *prompt*, them. So, in *King Richard II.*:

"Suggest his soon-believing adversaries."

The verb — to *suggest*, has, in our author, many different shades of meaning. STEEVENS.



He still hath held them; that, to his power,<sup>5</sup> he  
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war;<sup>6</sup> who have their provand<sup>7</sup>  
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows

<sup>5</sup> ——— to his power; ] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; ] In what war? Camels are mere beasts of burthen, and are never used in war. — We should certainly read,

As camels in their way. M. MASON.

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Brutus means to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*, however, may stand, and signify the war undertaken for the sake of the people. STEEVENS.

*Their* war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote — in *the* war. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— their provand — ] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "—— the *proyaunte* was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke." Again: "The horfmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in *Sir Walter Raleigh's Works*, 1751, Vol. II. p. 229. Again, in Hakevil *on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect 1: "—— At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hatchets," &c. Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, &c. 1623:

" Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,

" Because her commons be at home so scant. "

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, *provender*. STEEVENS.



For sinking under them.

SIC. This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people,<sup>8</sup> (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire<sup>9</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

BRU. What's the matter?

MES. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their  
gloves,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Shall teach the people,*] Thus the old copy. "When his soaring insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean,—When he with the insolence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without necessity,—shall *reach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly sense, unless it means—*instruct the people in favour of our purposes*.

I strongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *will be his fire* —] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,*] The words —*The* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

*Matrons flung gloves—*

*Ladies—their scarfs—*] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes



Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,<sup>3</sup>  
But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers,<sup>4</sup> to lay cushions.*

1. OFF. Come, come, they are almost here: How  
many stand for consulships?

2. OFF. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of  
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. OFF. That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-  
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some  
of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he  
pass'd." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *carry with us ears and eyes &c.* ] That is, let us observe  
what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing  
Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter two officers, &c.* ] The old copy reads: "Enter two  
officers to lay cushions, *as it were*, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in  
the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the  
capitol could be given. See *The Account of our old theatres*, Vol. III.

MALONE.

In the same place, the reader will find this position controverted.

STEEVENS.



2. OFF. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1. OFF. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved<sup>5</sup> indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.<sup>6</sup> Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

1. OFF. He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,<sup>7</sup> who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,<sup>8</sup> without any further deed

<sup>5</sup> — he wav'd —] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.*  
JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — their opposite.] That is, their adversary. See Vol. V. p. 308, n. 9, and p. 327, n. 7: MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — as those,] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, &c.*] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academic style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

— who, having been *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report.*] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*,



to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. OFF. No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

MEN. Having determin'd of the Volces, and  
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please  
you,  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general

reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *heave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them*, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *heave* themselves, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

I continue to read — *heave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII.* (See Vol. XVI. p. 71, n. 8) was likewise printed instead of *heave*, in the first folio, though corrected in the second. The phrase in question occurs in Hayward: “The Scots *heaved* up into high hope of victory” &c. Many instances of Shakspeare’s attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occasion. STEEVENS.







BRU. Which the rather  
We shall be blest'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

MEN. That's off, that's off;<sup>4</sup>  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

BRU. Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

MEN. He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.  
[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1. SEN. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

COR. Your honours' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

BRU. Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

COR. No, sir: yet oft,

author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiae Jure*]  
to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus)  
the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had  
seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now con-  
vinced that Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance  
pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this scene  
without violence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus and  
Sicinius being necessary, it would not have been difficult to exhi-  
bit both the outside and inside of the Senate-house in a manner suf-  
ficiently consonant to theatrical probability. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.  
JOHNSON.



When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:<sup>5</sup> But, your  
people,

I love them as they weigh.

MEN. Pray now, sit down.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun,<sup>6</sup>

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[ *Exit* CORIOLANUS.

MEN. Masters o' the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,<sup>7</sup>  
( That's thousand to one good one,) when you now  
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-  
nius.

COM. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,<sup>8</sup> he fought

<sup>5</sup> *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *have one scratch my head i' the sun,*] See Vol. XIII. p. 100, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expedit to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.



Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin<sup>9</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
 An o'er-press'd Roman,<sup>2</sup> and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee:<sup>3</sup> in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,<sup>4</sup>

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republick.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — his Amazonian chin — ] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — he bestrid

*An o'er-press'd Roman,* ] This was an act of singular friendship in our old English armies: [See Vol. XII. p. 383, n. 9, and Vol. XIV. p. 373, n. 7.] but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him. Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been, "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also p. 285, n. 4. MALONE.

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable that any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaspists*) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And struck him on his knee:* ] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to fall on his knee:

— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *When he might act the woman in the scene,* ] It has been more



He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;  
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,<sup>5</sup>  
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.<sup>6</sup> For this  
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,*] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, shewed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battels." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] Ben Jonson has the same expression in *The Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Tho. Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched*."

I suspect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch* in Shakspeare's time signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marzo*. A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria*."

"To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and uncontested superiority. MALONE.



And fell below his stem:<sup>7</sup> his sword (death's stamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries:<sup>8</sup> alone he enter'd

<sup>7</sup>— as waves before

*A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,*

*And fell below his stem:]* [First folio—*weeds*.] The editor

of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *sir* Coriolanus, for "*sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting*: but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

" Fall down before him, like the mower's swath."

MALONE.

*Waves*, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of *falling below* a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submerision of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes*; but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,

" Bounding between the two moist elements,

" Like Perseus' horse."

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil*:

" Orontes' bark ———

" From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — his sword &c.] Old copy—



The mortal gate<sup>9</sup> o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny; <sup>2</sup> aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet: <sup>3</sup> Now all's his:  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never flood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

MEN. Worthy man!

1. SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the ho-  
 nours<sup>4</sup>

D ——— His sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries.

This passage should be pointed thus:

—— His sword (death's stamp)

“ Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

—— every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries.] The cries of the slaughter'd regu-  
 larly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each  
 other. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> The mortal gate ——— ] The gate that was made the scene of  
 death. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> With shunless destiny: ] The second folio reads, whether by  
 accident or choice:

With shunless defamy.

Defamie is an old French word signifying infamy. TYRWHITT.

It occurs often in John Bale's *English Votaries*, 1550. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— struck

Corioli, like a planet: ] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

“ Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

“ In the sick air.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> He cannot but with measure fit the honours — ] That is, no honour



Which we devise him.

COM. Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world : he covets less  
Than misery itself would give ; <sup>2</sup> rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it. <sup>3</sup>

MEN. He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

1. SEN. Call for Coriolanus. <sup>4</sup>

OFF. He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

COR. I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Than misery itself would give ;* ] *Misery* for avarice ; because a miser signifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— and is content

*To spend the time, to end it.* ] I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus :

———— he rewards

*His deeds with doing them, and is content*

*To spend his time, to spend it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them ; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.  
MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Call for Coriolanus.* ] I have supplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.



MEN. It then remains  
That you do speak to the people.<sup>5</sup>

COR. I do beseech you  
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please  
you,  
That I may pass this doing.

SIC. Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

MEN. Put them not to't:—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *It then remains,*

*That you do speak to the people.]* Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general.

WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his life of Coriolanus, that “it was the custom of Rome *at that time*, that such as dyd sue for any office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election.*” North’s translation, p. 244. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Your honour with your form.]* I believe we should read “Your honour with *the* form.”—That is, the usual form. M. MASON.



COR. It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting and might well  
Be taken from the people.

BRU. Mark you that?

COR. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and  
thus ;—

Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only :—

MEN. Do not stand upon't.—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them ;<sup>7</sup>—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

SEN. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

BRU. You see how he intends to use the people.

SIC. May they perceive's intent! He will re-  
quire them,

As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

BRU. Come, we'll inform them

Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes to you.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*

*Our purpose to them ;]* We entreat you, tribunes of the people,  
to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to  
them for their approbation ; namely the appointment of Coriolanus  
to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punc-  
tuation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense  
will be clear :—

*We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose ;—to them, and to our noble consul,  
Wish we all joy and honour.*

To them, means to the people, whom Menenius artfully joins to  
the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.



Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

1. CIT. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. CIT. We may, sir, if we will.

3. CIT. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:<sup>9</sup> for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak

\* *Once,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*.  
WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes* by Gascogne:

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me." FARMER.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"*Once* this, your long experience of her wisdom ——."

STEEVENS.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means, "if he do but *so much as* require our voices;" as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "—— they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their standards." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] Power first signifies natural power or force, and then moral power or right. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

*Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,  
That gave thee power to do.——* JOHNSON.



for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. CIT. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn,<sup>2</sup> he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.<sup>3</sup>

3. CIT. We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,<sup>4</sup> some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,<sup>5</sup> they would fly east, west,

<sup>2</sup> ——— *for once, when we stood up about the corn,*] [Old copy—*once we stood up*] That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. “*Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed.” Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—for once, *when* we stood up, &c. MALONE.

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified—*as soon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgement, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *many-headed multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *some auburn,*] The folio reads, *some Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.*] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. Warburton.

To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in



north, south; and their consent of one direct way<sup>6</sup> should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. CIT. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. CIT. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure, southward.

2. CIT. Why that way?

3. CIT. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. CIT. You are never without your tricks:— You may, you may.<sup>7</sup>

3. CIT. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together,

their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — and their consent of one direct way — ] See Vol. XI. p. 85, n. 3; and Vol. XIV. p. 6, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> You may, you may. ] This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—*You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expence*,—has occurred already in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

“*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.” STEEVENS.



but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL. Content, content. [Exeunt.

MEN. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

COR. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

MEN. O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.<sup>6</sup>

MEN. You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner.<sup>7</sup> [Exit.

<sup>6</sup> *I wish they would forget me, like the virtues*

*Which our divines lose by them.* ] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *In wholesome manner.* ] So, in *Hamlet*: "If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer." STEEVENS.



*Enter two Citizens.*

COR. Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace.

You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1. CIT. We do, fir, tell us what hath brought  
you to't.

COR. Mine own desert.

2. CIT. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not  
Mine own desire.<sup>8</sup>

1. CIT. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, fir:  
'Twas never my desire yet, to trouble  
The poor with begging.

1. CIT. You must think, if we give you any  
thing,  
We hope to gain by you.

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o' the con-  
fession?

<sup>8</sup> ————— not

*Mine own desire.* ] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but*  
be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without*.

STEEVENS.

*But* is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading.

RITSON.

The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which  
was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often  
confounded in these plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 203, n. 7. and Vol.  
XII. p. 393, n. 6.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 276, n. 7, from  
the reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy,  
I have suffered *not* to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the  
words as they stand; but I am now convinced that I ought to have  
printed—

“By earth, she is *but* corporal; there you lie.” MALONE.



1. CIT. The price is, fir,<sup>7</sup> to ask it kindly.

COR. Kindly!

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show  
you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
fir;

What say you?

2. CIT. You shall have it, worthy fir.

COR. A match, fir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—  
I have your alms; adieu.

1. CIT. But this is something odd.<sup>8</sup>

2. CIT. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [Exeunt two Citizens.]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

COR. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune  
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here  
the customary gown.

1. CIT. You have deserved nobly of your coun-  
try, and you have not deserved nobly.

COR. Your enigma?

1. CIT. You have been a scourge to her enemies,  
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,  
indeed, loved the common people.

COR. You should account me the more virtuous,  
that I have not been common in my love. I will,

<sup>7</sup> *The price is, fir, &c.* ] The word —*fir*, has been supplied by one  
of the modern editors to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *But this is something odd,* ] As this hemistich is too bulky to join  
with its predecessor, we may suppose our author to have written  
only—

*This is something odd;*  
and that the compositor's eye had caught—*But*, from the succeed-  
ing line. STEEVENS.



fir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, fir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. CIT. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. CIT. You have received many wounds for your country.

COR. I will not seal your knowledge<sup>9</sup> with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

BOTH CIT. The gods give you joy, fir, heartily!  
[ *Exeunt.* ]

COR. Most sweet voices!—  
Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire<sup>2</sup> which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown<sup>3</sup> should I stand here,

<sup>9</sup> *I will not seal your knowledge—* ] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the hire* — ] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *this woolvish gown* — ] Signifies this *rough hirsute* gown. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads—*this wolvish* tongue. *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the



To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needfuls vouches? <sup>4</sup> Custom calls me to't:—

poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We might perhaps more distinctly read:

—— with this woolvish tongue,  
unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in “A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*,” bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who “caste unto him a husbände mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up. —Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*.” By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the dress of a Roman candidate to the coarse frock of a ploughman, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the romance of *Howleglas* to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quære if it be called so in this country? it must be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally translated from the *French* where the word “*loup*” certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The *French* copy also may be literally rendered from the *German*. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to the “wolf in sheep's clothing;” not indeed that *Coriolanus* means to call himself a wolf; but merely to say, “Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature?” RITSON.

*Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,*] I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression,—“a wolf in sheep's cloathing.” Mr. Mason says, that



What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

"O fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*."

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

*Woolvish* cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find "*tongued* consuls," for *toged* consuls.—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needlèss vouches?*] Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary *voices*? JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minshew's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time. "A QUINTAINE or QUINTELLE, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob, and Will, strive for the gay garland." MALONE.

Again, in an old equivocal English prophecy:

"The country gnuffs, *Hob, Dick, and Hick,*

"With flaves and clouted shoon" &c. STEEVENS.



For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice fix<sup>5</sup>  
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more: your  
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

1. CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go with-  
 out any honest man's voice.

2. CIT. Therefore let him be consul: The gods  
 give him joy, and make him good friend to the  
 people!

ALL. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

COR.

Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

MEN. You have stood your limitation; and the  
 tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,  
 That, in the official marks invested, you  
 Anon do meet the senate.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *battles thrice six &c.*] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest,  
 to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

— battles thrice six

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices  
 Done many things, &c.* FARMER.



COR. Is this done?

SIC. The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

COR. Where? at the senate-house;

SIC. There, Coriolanus.

COR. May I then <sup>6</sup> change these garments?

SIC. You may, sir,

COR. That I'll straight do; and, knowing my-  
self again,

Repair to the senate-house.

MEN. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

BRU. We stay here for the people.

SIC. Fare you well.

[ *Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

BRU. With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

SIC. How now, my masters? have you chose this  
man?

1. CIT. He has our voices, sir.

BRU. We pray the gods, he may deserve your  
loves.

2. CIT. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy no-  
tice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. CIT. Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

<sup>6</sup> *May I then &c.* ] *Then*, which is wanting in the old copy,  
was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.



1. CIT. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. CIT. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

SIC. Why, so he did, I am sure.

CIT. No; no man saw 'em.

[ *Several speak.*

3. CIT. He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul*, says he: *aged custom*,<sup>6</sup>

*But by your voices, will not so permit me;*

*Your voices therefore:* When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,*

*I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?*

SIC. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?<sup>7</sup>

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

<sup>6</sup> ——— *aged custom*, ] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 287, n. 8; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 293, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *ignorant to see't?* ] Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it? JOHNSON.



BRU. Could you not have told him,  
As you were leſſon'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,  
He was your enemy: ever ſpake againſt  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving  
A place of potency,<sup>8</sup> and ſway o'the ſtate,  
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain  
Faſt foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curſes to yourſelves? You ſhould have ſaid,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs  
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature  
Would think upon you<sup>9</sup> for your voices, and  
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

SIC. Thus to have ſaid  
As you were fore-adviſ'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,  
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,  
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,  
Which eaſily endures not article  
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,  
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And paſs'd him unelect'd.

BUT. Did you perceive  
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— arriving  
A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in  
the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act. V. ſc. iii:

“ ——— thoſe powers that the queen  
“ Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coaſt.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Would think upon you—] Would retain a grateful remembrance  
of you, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unre-  
ſtrained. JOHNSON.



When he did need your loves; and do you think,  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgement?

SIC.

Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
On him,<sup>2</sup> that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues?<sup>3</sup>

3. CIT. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. CIT. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. CIT. I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
piece 'em.

BRU. Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

SIC.

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgement, all revoke  
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> On him, ] Old copy—of him—. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Your su'd-for tongues? ] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—Your sued-for tongues, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which so many make suit to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Enforce his pride, ] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

“ Enforce him with his envy to the people—.” STEEVENS.



And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which gibingly,<sup>6</sup> ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU.

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,  
 (No impediment between) but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.

SIC.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided  
 By your own true affections: and that, your minds  
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do  
 Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

BRU. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to  
 you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued: and what stock he springs of.  
 The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence  
 came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
 And Cenforinus, darling of the people,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — his present portance,] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello*:

“ And portance in my travels' history.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which gibingly,] The old copy, redundantly,

Which most gibingly, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> And Cenforinus, darling of the people,] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.



And nobly nam'd so, being cenfor twice,<sup>6</sup>  
Was his great ancestor.<sup>7</sup>

SIC. One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Cenforinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him cenfor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Cenforinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Cenforinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 239. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And nobly nam'd so, being cenfor twice,*] The old copy reads: — being *twice cenfor*; but for the sake of harmony, I have arranged these words as they stand in our author's original,—Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "—the people had chosen him *cenfor twice*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And Cenforinus—*

*Was his great ancestor.*] Now the first cenfor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son*

*To beaten Douglas—*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. Warburton.



To be set high in place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances : but you have found.  
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,<sup>8</sup>  
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
 Your sudden approbation.

BRU. Say, you ne'er had done't,  
 (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :<sup>9</sup>  
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
 Repair to the Capitol.

CIT. We will so: almost all [*several speak.*  
 Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

BRU. Let them go on;  
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
 With their refusal, both observe and answer  
 The vantage of his anger.<sup>2</sup>

SIC. To the Capitol:  
 Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the  
 people;<sup>3</sup>  
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *Scaling his present bearing with his past,* ] That is weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — by our putting on: ] i. e. incitation. So, in *King Lear*:

“ — you proteſt this courſe

“ And put it on by your allowance.” STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — as putter on

“ Of theſe exactions.” —

See Vol. XVI. p. 29, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — observe and answer

*The vantage of his anger.* ] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his haſty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — the ſtream of the people; ] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — The rich ſtream

“ Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

“ To a prepar'd place in the choir,” &c. MALONE.



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

COR. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

LART. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

COR. So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon's again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul,<sup>3</sup> so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

COR. Saw you Aufidius?

LART. On safe-guard he came to me;<sup>4</sup> and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me?

LART. He did, my lord.

COR. How? what?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

<sup>3</sup> — lord consul, ] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers; thus, lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> On safe-guard he came to me; ] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.



That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[ To Lartius.

*Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth, I do despise  
them;

For they do prank them in authority,<sup>5</sup>  
Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

COR. Ha! what is that?

BRU. It will be dangerous to  
Go on: no further.

COR. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the  
commons?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— prank *them in authority*, ] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, A&II. sc. ii:

“Drest in a little brief authority.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?* ] The first folio  
reads: “— noble,” and “common.” The second has— commons.  
I have not hesitated to reform this passage on the authority of others  
in the play before us. Thus:

“—— the nobles bended

“As to Jove's statue:—”

“—— the commons made

“A shower and thunder,” &c. STEEVENS.



BRU. Cominius, no.

COR. Have I had children's voices?

1. SEN. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

BRU. The people are incens'd against him.

SIC.

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

COR. Are these your herd?—  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?<sup>6</sup>

Have you not set them on?

MEN.

Be calm, be calm.

COR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

BRU.

Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

COR. Why, this was known before.

BRU.

Not to them all.

COR. Have you inform'd them since?<sup>7</sup>

BRU.

How! I inform them!

COR. You are like to do such business.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *since?*] The old copy—*silence*. STEEVENS.



BRU. Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.<sup>8</sup>

COR. Why then should I be consul? By yon  
clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

SIC. You show too much of that,<sup>9</sup>  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MEN. Let's be calm.

COM. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This  
palt'ring  
Becomes not Rome;<sup>2</sup> nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *Not unlike,*

*Each way, to better yours. &c.] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:*

“Why then should I be consul?” WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> Sic. *You show too much of that, &c.] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> — *This palt'ring*

*Becomes not Rome; ] That is, this trick of dissimulation: this shuffling:*

“And be these juggling friends no more believ'd,

“That palter with us in a double sense.” *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.

*Becomes not Rome; ] I would read—*

*Becomes not Romans;*

*Coriolanus being accented on the first, and not the second syllable, in former instances. STEEVENS.*

<sup>3</sup> — *rub, laid falsely &c.] Falsely for treacherously. JOHNSON.*

*The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.*



I' the plain way of his merit.

COR.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

MEN. Not now, not now.

1. SEN.

Not in this heat, fir, now.

COR. Now, as I live, I will.—Mynobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many,<sup>4</sup> let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:<sup>5</sup> I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion,<sup>6</sup> insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

MEN.

Well, no more.

1. SEN. No more words, we beseech you.

COR.

How! no more?

<sup>4</sup> ——— *many*, ] i. e. the populace. The Greeks used πολλοί exactly in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Let them*

*Regard me as I do not flatter, and*

*Therein behold themselves:* ] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The cockle of rebellion*, ] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people" &c. STEEVENS.

*The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition.* ] Here are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's *Plutarch*:

"The cockle of insolvency and sedition." RITSON.



As for my country I have shed my blood,  
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet fought  
 The very way to catch them.

BRU. You speak o' the people,  
 As if you were a god to punish, not  
 A man of their infirmity.

SIC. 'Twere well,  
 We let the people know't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

COR. Choler!  
 Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SIC. It is a mind,  
 That shall remain a poison where it is,  
 Not poison any further.

COR. Shall remain!—  
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows?<sup>8</sup> mark you  
 His absolute *shall*?

COM. 'Twas from the canon.<sup>9</sup>

COR. *Shall*!

<sup>7</sup> — meazels,] *Mezell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some countries a *pink*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: " — that base *minnow* [of thy mirth,—." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.



O good, but most unwise patricians,<sup>2</sup> why,  
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
 The horn and noise<sup>3</sup> o'the monsters, wants not  
 spirit

These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. Cominius means to say, "that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule," alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding:— and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *O good, but most unwise patricians, &c.*] The old copy has—*O God, but &c.* Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*" as Mr. Steevens supposed, but *O God*, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "by God's lid," the Greek Therites exclaims—"*God-a-mercy*;" and that, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God shield us!*" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.—I lately met with a still more glaring instance of the same impropriety in another play of Shakspeare, but cannot, at this moment, ascertain it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The horn and noise* —] Alluding to his having called him *Iriton* before. WARBURTON.



To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance: <sup>4</sup> if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs. <sup>5</sup> They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece! by Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes, <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Then vail your ignorance:] If this man has power, let the  
ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"Then vail your stomachs—,"

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——vail your regard

"Upon a wrong'd" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *You are plebeians,  
If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs.]* These lines may, I think, be made more  
intelligible by a very slight correction:

—— *they no less [than senators]*

*When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste*

*Must palate theirs.*

When the *taste* of the great, the patricians, must *palate*, must  
*please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when  
the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.*

STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators,  
when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended toge-  
ther, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the  
populace than the senate. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *and my soul akes,]* The mischief and absurdity of what is  
called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.



To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by t'other.

COM. Well,—on to the market-place!

COR. Whoever gave that counfel,<sup>7</sup> to give forth  
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. (Though there the people had more abso-  
lute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

BRU. Why, shall the people give

<sup>7</sup> *Whoever gave that counfel, &c.* ] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and perswaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they haue so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue recevued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie.” STEEVENS.



One, that speaks thus, their voice?

COR. I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the  
corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates:<sup>8</sup> this kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native<sup>9</sup>  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bosom multiplied<sup>2</sup> digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words: — *We did request it;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands:* — Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope

<sup>8</sup> *They would not thread the gates:* ] That is, *pass* them. We yet  
say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ — — *threading* dark-ey'd night.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — — *could never be the native* — ] *Native* for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

*Native* is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*. JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in *King Henry V*:

“ As many of our bodies shall no doubt

“ Find *native* graves.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — — *this bosom multiplied* — ] This *multitudinous* bosom; the  
bosom of that great monster, the people. MALONE.



The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles. —

MEN. Come, enough.<sup>2</sup>

BRU. Enough, with over-measure.

COR. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship,<sup>3</sup> —  
Where one part<sup>4</sup> does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wif-  
dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance, — it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable flightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-  
lows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech  
you, —

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of't;<sup>5</sup> that prefer

<sup>2</sup> *Come, enough.* ] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of — *enough.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *No, take more:*

*What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!* ] The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See Briffon de *formulis*, p. 808 — 817. HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> *Where one part —* ] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. XI. p. 390, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of't;* ] To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you



A noble life before a long, a wish  
 To jump a body<sup>6</sup> with a dangerous phyfick  
 That's fure of death without it, — at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison:<sup>7</sup> your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgement,<sup>8</sup> and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it;<sup>9</sup>  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

BRU: He has said enough.

who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *To jump a body* — ] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:

*To vamp* —

*To jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.

So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that "*to jump a body*," meant to *risk* a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"We'd jump the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii:

"—— our fortune lies

"Upon this jump." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *let them not lick*

*The sweet which is their poison:* ] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Like rats that ravin up their proper baue —."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Mangles true judgement,* ] *Judgement* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Of that integrity which should become it;* ] *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *besit*. JOHNSON.



SIC. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

COR. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,<sup>9</sup>  
And throw their power i' the dust.

BRU. Manifest treason.

SIC. This a consul? no.

BRU. The ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

SIC. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in  
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

COR. Hence, old goat!

SEN. and PAT. We'll surety him.

COM. Aged fir, hands off.

COR. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
bones

Out of thy garments.<sup>2</sup>

SIC. Help, ye citizens.

<sup>9</sup> *Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,* ] Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *shake thy bones*

*Out of thy garments.* ] So, in *King John*:

“ ——— here's a stay,

“ That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“ Out of his rags! ” STEEVENS.



*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

MEN. On both sides more respect.

SIC. Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

BRU. Seize him, Ædiles.

CIT. Down with him, down with him!

*[ Several speak.*

2. SEN. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

*[ They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

CIT. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

MEN. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near; I cannot speak: — You, tribunes  
To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: <sup>3</sup> —  
Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC. Hear me, people; — Peace.

CIT. Let's hear our tribune: — Peace. Speak,  
speak, speak.

SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

<sup>3</sup> *To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: ]* I would read:

*Speak to the people. — Coriolanus, patience: —*

*Speak, good Sicinius.* TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly.

*Confusion's near, — I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,  
To the people.*

He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was not able; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request to Sicinius in particular. M. MASON.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.



Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

MEN.

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

SIC. What is the city, but the people?

CIT.

True,

The people are the city.

BRU. By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

CIT.

You so remain.

MEN. And so are like to do.

COR. That is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation;  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

SIC.

This deserves death.

BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it:— We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

SIC.

Therefore, lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

BRU.

Ædiles, seize him.

CIT. Yield, Marcius, yield.

MEN.

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆDI. Peace, peace.

MEN. Be that you seem, truly your country's  
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.



BRU. Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous<sup>4</sup>  
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

COR. No; I'll die here.

[ *Drawing his sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

MEN. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-  
draw a while.

BRU. Lay hands upon him.

MEN. Help, help Marcius! help,  
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

CIT. Down with him, down with him!

[ *In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
the people, are beat in.*

MEN. Go, get you to your house;<sup>5</sup> be gone,  
away,

All will be naught else.

2. SEN. Get you gone.

COR. Stand fast;<sup>6</sup>

We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN. Shall it be put to that?

1. SEN. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

<sup>4</sup> — *very poisonous* — ] I read:  
— *are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *get you to your house;* ] Old Copy — *our house.* Corrected  
by Mr. Rowe. So below:

“ I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Stand fast; &c.* ] [ Old copy — Com. *Stand fast; &c.* ] This  
speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends  
persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:

“ Come, sir, along with us.” WARBURTON.



Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN.

For 'tis a fore upon us,<sup>6</sup>

You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

COM. Come, fir, along with us.

COR. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they  
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,) —

MEN.

Be gone;<sup>7</sup>

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *For 'tis a fore upon us,*] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.) —*

*Be gone; &c.*] The beginning of this speech, [attributed in the old copy to Menenius,] I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Menenius:

"Be gone;

"Put not your worthy rage" &c. TYRWHITT.

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction.

STEEVENS.

The word, *begone*, certainly belongs to Menenius, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away — In the preceding page he says,

"Go, get you to your house; begone, away, —"

And in a few lines after, he repeats the same request.

"Pray you, be gone:

"I'll try whether my old wit be in request

"With those that have but little;" M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will give us power in some other time: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will run them in debt: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

JOHNSON.



COR. On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

MEN. I could myself  
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the  
two tribunes.

COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return?<sup>9</sup> whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone:  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.]

I believe Menenius means, "This time will owe us one more fortunate." It is a common expression to say, "This day is yours, the next may be mine." M. MASON.

The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will owe us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Before the tag return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.



Here's goodly work!

2. PAT.

I would they were a-bed!

MEN. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

SIC. Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

MEN.

You worthy tribunes,—

SIC. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the publick power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

1. CIT.

He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

CIT.

He shall, sure on't.<sup>9</sup>

[*Several speak together.*

MEN.

Sir,<sup>2</sup>—

SIC.

Peace.

<sup>9</sup> *He shall, sure on't.* ] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *fore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall, sure out; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd therefore that the rabble



MEN. Do not cry, havock,<sup>3</sup> where you should  
but hunt  
With modest warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes 't, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

MEN. Hear me speak:—

should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had  
said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned  
and which, when he does afterwards mention it, he disapproved  
of:

“ — to eject him hence,  
“ Were but one danger.”

I have therefore left the old copy undisturbed. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote—with reference to the foregoing  
speech,

He shall, be sure on't.

i. e. be assured that he shall be taught the respect due to both the  
tribunes and the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Sir,] Old copy—redundantly, Sir, *sir*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimit-  
ed slaughter, &c. See Vol. XI. p. 341, n. 5. STEEVENS.

To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from  
*hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a hawk. It was afterwards used  
in war. So, in *King John*:

“ — Cry havock, kings.”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is ex-  
pressly forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier havock sur peine d'avoir  
la teste coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been  
fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix* of little  
price.

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre  
Seigneur, ni le vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu,  
& le teste avoir coupe.” MS. Cotton. Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.



As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

SIC. Consul!—what consul?

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

BRU. He a consul!

CIT. No, no, no, no, no.

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to<sup>3</sup> no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

SIC. Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

MEN. Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children<sup>4</sup> is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

SIC. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,

<sup>3</sup> ——— shall turn you to — ] This singular expression has already  
occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— my heart bleeds

“ To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Towards her deserved children— ] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So,  
*delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,” — MALONE.



(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

SIC.

This is clean kam.<sup>5</sup>

BRU. Merely awry:<sup>6</sup> When he did love his  
country,  
It honour'd him.

MEN. The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *This is clean kam.* ] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail.* All goes clean kam. Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked flick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean cam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled."

STEEVENS.

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim*, *kam*, occur several times. Amongst others, take the following instance: "All goes topsie turvy; all *kim*, *kam*; all is tricks and devices: all riddles and unknown mysteries." P. 100. REED.

<sup>6</sup> *Merely awry*: ] i. e. absolutely. See Vol. IV. p. 9, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Being once gangren'd, is not then respected*

*For what before it was?* ] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sici-nius. WARBURTON.

I have restor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at



BRU. We'll hear no more:—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

MEN. One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-  
cess;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRU. If it were so,—

SIC. What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

MEN. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him<sup>8</sup>

the conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect sentence, gives it thus:

*For what before it was;—* STEEVENS.

You alledge, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“*Is this just?*” Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *to bring him —*] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the Ms. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. SEN. Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.<sup>9</sup>

SIC. Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer:—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRU. Go not home.

SIC. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend  
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

MEN. I'll bring him to you:—  
Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He  
must come,  
Or what is worst will follow.

1. SEN. Pray you, let's to him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the end of it*

*Unknown to the beginning.*] So, in *The Tempest*, A& II. sc. i:  
“The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.”

STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present  
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;* ] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses ; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory :

“ Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diversa quadrigæ

“ Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)

“ Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus

“ Per sylvam ; & sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres.”

Æn. VIII. 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts : (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth :) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance.

“ Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum distentum illigat Mettium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertère omnes a tantâ sceditate spectaculi oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit : in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse poenas.” Liv. lib. I. xxviii. MALONE.



Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

1. PAT.                    You do the nobler.

COR. I muse,<sup>3</sup> my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance<sup>4</sup> stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[ *To VOLUMNIA.*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.<sup>5</sup>

VOL.                    O, fir, fir, fir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

COR.                    Let go.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *I muse,* ] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.  
So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Do not *muse* at me, my most noble friends — ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *my ordinance* — ] *My rank.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The man I am.* ] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

*Truly the man I am.*

*Truly* is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let go.* ] Here again Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads — *Why, let it go.* — Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*, — “ *Let it go all.* ” — Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated. STEEVENS.



VOL. You might have been enough the man you  
are,

With striving less to be so : Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions,<sup>4</sup> if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR.

Let them hang.

VOL. Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

1. SEN.

There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL.

Pray, be counsel'd :

I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

MEN.

Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd,<sup>5</sup> but that

<sup>4</sup> *The thwartings of your dispositions,*] The old copies exhibit it :  
*The things of your dispositions.*

A few letters replac'd, that by some carelessness dropp'd out,  
restore us the Poet's genuine reading :

*The thwartings of your dispositions.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction —

*That things that thwart your dispositions.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Before he should thus stoop to the herd,*] [ Old copy — stoop to  
the heart. ] But how did Coriolanus stoop to his heart ? He rather,  
as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity  
of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true read-  
ing. So before in this play :

“ Are these your herd ? ”

So, in *Julius Cæsar* : “ — when he perceived, the common herd  
was glad he refus'd the crown, ” &c. THEOBALD.



The violent fit o' the time craves it as phyfick  
For the whole ftate, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can fcarcely bear.

COR. What muft I do?

MEN. Return to the tribunes.

COR. Well,  
What then? what then?

MEN. Repent what you have fpoke.

COR. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;  
Muft I then do't to them?

VOL. You are too abfolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities fpeak.<sup>6</sup> I have heard you fay,  
Honour and policy, like unfever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell  
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lofe,  
That they combine not there.

COR. Tush, tush!

MEN. A good demand.

VOL. If it be honour, in your wars, to feem  
The fame you are not, (which, for your beft ends,  
You adopt your policy,) how is it lefs, or worfe,  
That it fhall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; fince that to both  
It ftands in like request?

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a paffage, in which  
Coriolanus thus describes the people:

" You fhames of Rome! you *herd* of — "

*Herd* was anciently fpelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old  
copy. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You are too abfolute;*

*Though therein you can never be too noble,*

*But when extremities fpeak.*] Except in cafes of urgent neces-  
fity, when your refolute and noble fpirit, however commendable  
at other times, ought to yield to the occafion. MALONE.



COR. Why force you<sup>7</sup> this?

VOL. Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you  
to,<sup>8</sup>

But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Why force you* ] *Why urge you.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ If you will now unite in your complaints,

“ And force them with a constancy —.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,* ] [ Old copy  
— *prompts you,* ] Perhaps, the meaning is, which your heart prompts  
you to. We have many such elliptical expressions in these plays.  
See Vol. XVI. p. 185, n. 2. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“ From what it is dispos'd [ to ].”

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of  
the theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests  
to you; which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter fur-  
nishes the player with the words that have escaped his memory. So  
afterwards: “ Come, come, we'll prompt you.” The editor of  
the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's  
peculiarities, reads — prompts you to, and so all the subsequent  
copies read. MALONE.

I am content to follow the second folio; though perhaps we  
ought to read:

*Nor by the matter which your heart prompts in you.*

So, in a *Sermon preached at St. Paul's Crosse*, &c. 1589: “ — for  
often meditasyon prompteth in us goode thoughtes, begettyng theron  
goode workes,” &c.

Without some additional syllable the verse is defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *bastards and syllables*

*Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.* ] I read: “ of no alli-  
ance; ” therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand,  
as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority*.

JOHNSON.

*Allowance* is certainly right. So in *Othello*, A& II. sc. i:

“ — his pilot

“ Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*.”



Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
 Than to take in a town<sup>2</sup> gentle words,  
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
 The hazard of much blood. —  
 I would dissemble with my nature, where  
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
 I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
 And you<sup>3</sup> will rather show our general lowts<sup>4</sup>  
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
 Of what that want<sup>5</sup> might ruin.

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of a Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be "of no kindred." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, to your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is — though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are put in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Than to take in a town* — ] To subdue or destroy. See p. 228, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — I am in this,  
*Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;*  
*And you &c.* ] Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARRURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake*, together with *your wife, your son*. JOHNSON.

*I am in this*, means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, *In this advice*, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — our general lowts — ] Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — that want ] The want of their loves. JOHNSON.



MEN.

Noble lady! —

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what<sup>6</sup> is dangerous present: but the loss  
Of what is past.

VOL.

I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;<sup>7</sup>  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with  
them,)

Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Not *what* — ] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — with this *bonnet in thy hand*; ] Surely our author wrote —  
with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot suppose that he intended  
that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he  
has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia says — “*this* bonnet,” she may be supposed to  
*point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — waving thy head,

*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,*] But do any of  
the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving*  
*the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the  
head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or,  
lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often,*  
*thus, &c?* These questions are sufficient to show that the lines are  
corrupt. I would read therefore:

— waving thy hand,

*Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action suiting the occasion;  
Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus, — then  
strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou  
hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper.

WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or  
*hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head*  
is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to  
the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress



Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,<sup>9</sup>  
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,

must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—— waving thy head,

With *often*, thus, *correcting* thy stout heart.

That is, *shaking* thy head, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

“ And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down.”

STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

—— waving thy head,

(Which *humble* thus;) *correcting* thy stout heart,

Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this passage as it stands, some amendment must be made, to make it intelligible; and that which I now propose, is to read *bow* instead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. M. MASON.

I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written — *It* often, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ —— he that wins of all,

“ Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids, —

“ *Who* having no external thing to lose

“ But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid of that.”

In the former of these passages, “*whom* heavens directing,” is to be understood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum deo ducente*;) and in the latter, “*who* having” has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus*. See Vol. XI. p. 356, n. 4.

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author: for in R. Raignold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5. b. I find the same construction: “ — as Pom-



Thou art their foldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way,<sup>2</sup> which, thou dost confesse,

pey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptoleme, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who hoping* by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar. — Who now being come unto the shoare, and entering Alexandria, had sodainly presented unto him the head of Pompey the Great," &c.

Again, in *The Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543, Signat Mm. ij. "And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche duke beyng* accompanied with great strength of Welshemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and cohorted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: *whiche thyng* was in deede the cause that thei fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See also Vol. X. p. 204, n. 2.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and in the sentence, not more abrupt than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia, and appear before them in a supplicating attitude, — with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as those that I now make,) subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or, if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words — "waving thy head."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines. MALONE.

All I shall observe respecting the validity of the instances adduced by Mr. Malone in support of his position, is, that as ancient press-work seldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently serve to countenance those of another, without affording any legitimate decision in matters of phraseology. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *humble, as the ripest mulberry.* ] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚ-ΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than mulberries.

Ἄνθρωπος δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν περαιτέρω μώρων. MUSGRAVE.



Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

MEN. This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were  
yours:<sup>3</sup>

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

VOL. Pr'ythee now,  
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,<sup>4</sup>  
Than flatter him in a bower.<sup>5</sup> Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

COM. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,  
'tis fit

<sup>2</sup> — and being bred in broils,

*Haft not the soft way,*] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

“ — Rude am I in my speech,

“ And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;

“ And little of this great world can I speak,

“ More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:*] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes:

*Even as she speaks it, why their hearts were yours.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — in a fiery gulf,] i. e. *into*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ But first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Than flatter him in a bower.*] A *bower* is the ancient term for a chamber. So Spenser, *Prothalam.* ft. 8. speaking of *The Temple*:

“ Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers*.”

See also Chaucer &c. *passim*. STEEVENS.



You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

MEN. Only fair speech.

COM. I think, 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must, and will:—  
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

COR. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?<sup>4</sup>

Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

<sup>4</sup> — my unbarb'd sconce? ] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses.

JOHNSON.

*Unbarbed*, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

*Unbarbed sconce* is untrimm'd or unshaven head. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“ Grim. — you are so clean a young man.

“ Row. And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

“ Grim. A dapper knave, one Rosco.

“ Row. I know him not, is he a deaft *barber*?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII:

“ The labring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds.”

Again, in *The Malcontent*, by Marston:

“ The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.”

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215.) “ would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus?” Every one, but the Dean, understands that Shakspeare gives to all countries the fashions of his own.

*Unbarbed* may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy* speaking of a hooded hawk, says:

“ *Barbyd* like a noone, for burnynge of the sonne.”

STEEVENS.



Yet were there but this single plot<sup>5</sup> to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
it,

And throw it against the wind. — To the market-  
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never<sup>6</sup>  
I shall discharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast  
said,

My praises made thee first a foldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *single plot* — ] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *such a part, which never &c.* ] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Vol. XV. p. 89:

“ — he would avoid *such* bitter taunts

“ *Which* in the time of death he gave our father.”

Again, in the present scene:

“ But with *such* words *that* are but roted,” &c.

Again, in A& V. sc. iv:

“ — the benefit

“ Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,

“ *Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses.”

i. e. the repetition of which—.

Again, in A& V. sc. iii:

“ — no, not with *such* friends,

“ *That* thought them sure of you.”

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded, reads — *As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *perform a part*

*Thou hast not done before.* ] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you.

MALONE.



COR. Well, I must do't:  
 Away, my disposition, and possess me  
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired with my drum,<sup>8</sup> into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks;<sup>9</sup> and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd  
 knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice then:  
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness;<sup>3</sup> for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;  
 But owe<sup>4</sup> thy pride thyself.

<sup>8</sup> Which quired with my drum,] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Tent in my cheeks;] To tent is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — to honour mine own truth,]

Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα αἰσχύνομαι αὐτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

—— let

[Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — owe —] i. e. own. REED.



COR. Pray, be content;  
 Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I' the way of flattery, further.

VOL. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

COM. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm  
 yourself  
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
 Than are upon you yet.

COR. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honour.

MEN. Ay, but mildly.

COR. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

BRU. In this point charge him home, that he  
 affects  
 Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

So, in *Macbeth*:

“To throw away the dearest thing he owed,

“As 'twere a careless trifle.” STEEVENS.



Enforce him with his envy<sup>3</sup> to the people;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

ÆD. He's coming.

BRU. How accompanied?

ÆD. With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

ÆD. I have; 'tis ready, here.<sup>4</sup>

SIC. Have you collected them by tribes?

ÆD. I have.

SIC. Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons*, be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *envy*.—] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ——— no black *envy*

“ Shall make my grave.”

See Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *'tis ready, here.*] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *'i the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read:

——— *o'er the truth o' the cause.* JOHNSON.

As I cannot understand this passage as it is pointed, I should suppose that the speeches should be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation.



ÆD. I shall inform them.

BRU. And when such time they have begun to  
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD. Very well.

SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this  
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

BRU. Go about it.—  
[Exit Ædile.

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction:<sup>6</sup> Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance;<sup>7</sup> then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.<sup>8</sup>

Sic. Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power.

Æd. In the truth of the cause  
I shall inform them.

That is, I will explain the matter to them fully. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — and to have his worth

[Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word*; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Be rein'd again to temperance*;] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Colleanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “holding in hyr haund a *bitt of an horse*.” TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — which looks

*With us to break his neck.*] To look is to wait or expect. The



*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN.

Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.<sup>9</sup>—The honour'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!<sup>2</sup>

sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

The tribune rather seems to mean—The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *plant love among us!*

*Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,*

*And not our streets with war!]* [The old copy — *Through.*]

We should read:

*Throng our large temples——*

The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the "temples" (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace.

STEEVENS.



1. SEN.

Amen, amen!

MEN. A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

SIC.

Draw near, ye people,

ÆD. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I  
say.

COR. First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRI.

Well, say.—Peace, ho.<sup>2</sup>COR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-  
sent?

Must all determine here?

SIC.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

COR.

I am content.

MEN. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR.

Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

MEN.

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents<sup>3</sup> for malicious sounds,

<sup>2</sup> *Well, say. — Peace, ho.]* As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written:

*Well, sir; say on.—Peace, ho.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His rougher accents—]* The old copy reads—*actions*. Mr. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher accents are the harsh terms that he uses. MALONE.



But, as I say, such as become a foldier,  
Rather than envy you.<sup>4</sup>

COM.

Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

SIC.

Answer to us.

COR. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to  
take

From Rome all season'd office,<sup>5</sup> and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How! Traitor?

MEN. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

COR. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the peo-  
ple!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd<sup>6</sup> as many millions, in

<sup>4</sup> *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as a verb, and signifies to *injure*. In this sense it is used by Julietta in *The Pilgrim*:

“ If I make a lie

“ To gain your love, and *envy* my best mistress,

“ Pin me up against a wall,” &c. M. MASON.

*Rather than envy you.*] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 349, n. — ; and Vol. XVI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *season'd office.*] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *clutch'd* — ] i. e. grasp'd. So Macbeth, in his address to the “ air-drawn dagger:”

“ Come, let me clutch thee.” STEEVENS.



Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CIT. To the rock with him; to the rock with  
him!<sup>7</sup>

SIC. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,—

COR. What do you prate of service?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

COM. Know,

I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flogging; Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,

<sup>7</sup> *To the rock &c.* ] The first folio reads:

*To th' rock, to th' rock with him.*—

The second only:

*To th' rock with him:*

The present reading is therefore formed out of the two copies.

STEEVENS.



To have't with saying, Good morrow.

SIC.

For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
 Envy'd against the people,<sup>5</sup> seeking means  
 To pluck away their power; as now at last<sup>6</sup>  
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence<sup>7</sup>  
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,  
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
 To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,  
 I say, it shall be so.

CIT.

It shall be so,

It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,  
 And so it shall be.<sup>8</sup>

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common  
 friends;—

SIC. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

COM.

Let me speak:

<sup>5</sup> *Envy'd against the people,* ] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— as now at last — ] Read rather.

———— has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— not in the presence — ] *Not* stands again for *not only*.

JOHNSON.

It is thus used in *The new Testament*, 1. *Thess.* iv. 8:

“He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God,” &c.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And so it shall be.* ] Old copy, unmetrically—*And it shall be so.*  
 STEEVENS.



I have been consul, and can show from Rome,<sup>9</sup>  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate,<sup>2</sup> her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins: then if I would  
Speak that—

SIC. We know your drift: Speak what?

BRU. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country:  
It shall be so.

CIT. It shall be so, it shall be so.

COR. You common cry of curs!<sup>3</sup> whose breath  
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcases of unburied men

<sup>9</sup> ——— *show from Rome,*] Read — “ *show for Rome.*”

M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were got *out* of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for Rome*; and supports his emendation by these passages:

“ To banish him that struck more blows *for Rome,*” &c.

Again:

“ Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for Rome,*”—

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *My dear wife's estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *You common cry of curs!*] Cry here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

“ ——— You have made good work,

“ You and your cry.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

“ To a deep cry of dogs.” MALONE.



That do corrupt my air, I banish you; <sup>4</sup>  
 And here remain with your uncertainty!  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, <sup>5</sup>)  
 Making not reservation of yourselves,  
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most

<sup>4</sup> *I banish you;*] So, in Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: "When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had *banished* him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them.*"

Our poet has again the same thought in *King Richard II*:

"Think not, the king did banish thee,

"But thou the king." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Have the power still*

*To banish your defenders; till, at length,*

*Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, &c.) Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

"The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression."—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, "Making *not* reservation of yourselves," which agrees with the subsequent words — "Still your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without any reservation, *not only others, but even*



Abated captives,<sup>6</sup> to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,<sup>7</sup>  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CIT. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!  
hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

SIC. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

CIT. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;  
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

*themselves, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "still their own foes." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.*

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 299, n. 8. MALONE.

Mr. Capell reads:

"Making *not* reservation of your selves." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Abated captives,] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. So, in *Græsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere subiectis, & debellare superbos.* *Abated* has the same power as the French *abattu*. See Vol. IX. p. 52, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Despising*,] As this line is imperfect, perhaps our author originally gave it—

*Despising therefore,*

*For you, the city, &c.* STEEVENS.



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

COR. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—  
the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating:<sup>6</sup> fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning:<sup>7</sup> you were us'd to load me

<sup>6</sup> ——— you were us'd

*To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating:]*

Thus the second folio. The first reads:

“To say, extremitics was the trier of spirits.”

*Extremity*, in the singular number, is used by our author in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c.

The general thought of this passage has already occurred in *Troilus and Cressida*. See Vol. XVI. p. 245:

“—— In the reproof of chance

“Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

“How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

“Upon her patient breast, making their way

“With those of nobler bulk?” STEEVENS.



With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

VIR. O heavens! O heavens!

COR. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

VOL. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish!

COR. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu:—Fareweil, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond<sup>8</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *fortune's blows,*

*When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves*

*A noble cunning:*] This is the ancient and authentick reading.

The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

*They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.* JOHNSON

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis fond ———] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, *passim*.

STEEVENS.



As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot  
well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your  
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.<sup>9</sup>

VOL.

My first son,<sup>2</sup>

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.<sup>3</sup>

COR.

O the gods!

COM. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks,  
and treason. JOHNSON.

*Cautelous*, in the present instance, signifies—*insidious*. In the  
sense of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> My first son,] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath would read:

My fierce son. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> More than a wild exposure to each chance

*That starts i' the way before thee.*] I know not whether the  
word *exposure* be found in any other author. If not, I should in-  
cline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

We should certainly read—*exposure*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“And when we have our naked frailties hid

“That suffer in *exposure*,—.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“To weaken and discredit our *exposure*—.”

*Exposure* is, I believe, no more than a typographical error.

STEEVENS.



And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

COR.

Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch,<sup>4</sup> when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

MEN.

That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

COR.

Give me thy hand:—

Come.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## S C E N E V.

*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll  
no further.—

<sup>4</sup> *My friends of noble touch,* ] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.



The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

BRU. Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

SIC. Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU. Dismiss them home.  
[ *Exit Ædile.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

SIC. Let's not meet her.

BRU. Why?

SIC. They say, she's mad.

BRU. They hav'd ta'en note of us:  
Keep on your way.

VOL. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague  
o'the gods

Requite your love!

MEN. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

VOL. If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?  
[ *to Brutus.*

VIR. You shall stay too: [ *to Sicin.* ] I would, I  
had the power  
To say so to my husband.

SIC. Are you mankind?

VOL. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this  
fool.—



Was not a man my father?<sup>5</sup> Hadst thou foxship<sup>6</sup>  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

SIC. O blessed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows, than ever thou wise  
words?

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet  
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt slay too:—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOL. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MEN. Come, come, peace.

<sup>5</sup> Sic. *Are you mankind?*

Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—*

*Was not a man my father?*] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out:

“ — — Note but this fool.—

“ Was not a man my father?” JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

“ O mankind generation!”

Shakspeare himself, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — — a mankind witch.”

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso*:

“ See, see this mankind strumpet; see, she cry'd,

“ This shameless whore.”

See Vol. X. p. 68, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hadst thou foxship* —] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.



SIC. I would he had continu'd to his country  
As he began ; and not unknot himself  
The noble knot he made.

BRU. I would he had.

VOL. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the  
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

BRU. Pray, let us go.

VOL. Now, pray, fir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome ; so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRU. Well, well, we'll leave you.

SIC. Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

VOL. Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
[ *Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

MEN. You have told them home,<sup>?</sup>  
And by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with  
me?

VOL. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,

<sup>?</sup> *You have told them home,*] So again, in this play:

" I cannot speak him home." MALONE.



And so shall starve with feeding.<sup>8</sup>—Come, let's go:  
 Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
 In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie! [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*

ROM. I know you well, fir, and you know me:  
 your name, I think, is Adrian.

VOL. It is so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

ROM. I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
 you are, against them: Know you me yet?

VOL. Nicanor? No.

ROM. The same, fir.

VOL. You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
 but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And so shall starve with feeding.* ] This idea is repeated in *Antony and Cleopatra*, A& II. sc. ii. and in *Pericles*:

“Who starves the ears she feeds,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.* ] This is strange nonsense. We should read:

——— *is well appeal'd,*

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I would read:

——— *is well appear'd.*

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author.

“His title is appear'd.” *Macbeth*.

To *repeal* may be to bring to remembrance, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.



What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

ROM. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOL. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROM. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOL. Coriolanus banish'd?

I would read:

*Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue,*

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i:

"That if again this apparition come,

"He may approve our eyes, and speak to it."

STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakespeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622. edit. 1575: "—which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides." We have, I think, the same participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uses *dispaired*:

"Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be

"That thou *dispaired* art," &c. MALONE.



ROM. Banish'd, fir.

VOL. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

ROM. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

VOL. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROM. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

VOL. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,<sup>9</sup> and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROM. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOL. You take my part from me, fir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

ROM. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 40, n. 8. MALONE.



## S C E N E VI.

Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised, and muffled.*

COR. A goodly city is this Antium : City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

CIT. This, here, before you.

COR. Thank you, sir ; farewell.  
[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slipperiness turns !<sup>2</sup> Friends now fast  
sworn,

<sup>2</sup> O, world, thy slipperiness turns ! &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.



Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
 Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love<sup>3</sup>  
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
 On a dissention of a doit, break out  
 To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
 sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends;  
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
 My birth-place hate I,<sup>4</sup> and my love's upon  
 This enemy town.—I'll enter:<sup>5</sup> if he slay me,

<sup>3</sup> *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
 Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love —*] Our author  
 has again used this verb in *Othello*:

“And he that is approv'd in this offence,

“Though he had twinn'd with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines  
 in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

“Have with our needs created both one flower,

“Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

“Both warbling of one song, both in one key:

“As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds;

“Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

“Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

“But yet a union in partition,

“Two lovely berries molded on one stem:

“So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

“Two of the first,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — hate I,] The old copy instead of *hate* reads—*have*. The  
 emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. “I'll enter,” means I'll  
 enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *This enemy town.—I'll enter:*] Here, as in other places, our  
 author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

“For he disguised him selfe in suche arraye and attire, as he  
 thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the persone he  
 was, seeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe: and as  
*Homer* sayed of *Vlysses*,



He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1. SERV. Wine, wine, wine! What service is  
here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Servant.*

2. SERV. Where's Cotus? my master calls for  
him. Cotus! [Exit.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

COR. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1. SERV. What would you have, friend? Whence  
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the  
door.

COR. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.<sup>4</sup>

*"So dyd he enter into the enemies tovvne."*

Perhaps, therefore, instead of enemy, we should read—enemy's  
or enemies' town. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> In being Coriolanus.] i. e. in having derived that surname from  
the sack of Corioli. STEEVENS.



*Re-enter second Servant.*

2. SERV. Whence are you, fir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?<sup>5</sup> Pray, get you out.

COR. Away!

2. SERV. Away? Get you away.

COR. Now thou art troublesome.

2. SERV. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3. SERV. What fellow's this?

1. SERV. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

COR. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— that he gives entrance to such companions? ] Companion was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word fellow.

MALONE.

The same term is employed in *All's well that ends well*, *King Henry VI.* P. II. *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.* ] Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of *Plutarch*. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, did not suit the purposes of the dramatist:

“So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney hearthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill fauoredly



3. SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3. SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3. SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

COR. Follow your function, go.  
And batten on cold bits.

[ *Pushes him away.*

3. SERV. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. SERV. And I shall.

[ *Exit.*

3. SERV. Where dwell'st thou?

COR. Under the canopy.

3. SERV. Under the canopy?

COR. Ay.

3. SERV. Where's that?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. SERV. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

3. SERV. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

COR. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence!

[ *Beats him away.*

muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man." STEEVENS.



*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

AUF. Where is this fellow?

2. SERV. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

COR.

If, Tullus,<sup>6</sup> [*unmuffling.*]

<sup>6</sup> *If, Tullus, &c.* ] These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

“ Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed vnto him:

“ If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessity bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I begin to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my milerie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemye,



Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

AUF.

What is thy name?

[ Servants *retire*.

COR. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel:<sup>5</sup> What's thy name?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou  
me yet?

AUF. I know thee not:—Thy name?

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,<sup>6</sup>

than such as have neuer proved it. And if it be so that thou dare  
not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am  
I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee,  
to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall  
emie, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure  
thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *though thy tackle's torn,*

*Thou show'st a noble vessel:* ] A corresponding idea occurs in  
*Cymbeline*:

"The ruin speaks, that sometime

"It was a worthy building." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a good memory.* ] The Oxford editor, not knowing that  
*memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

JOHNSON.

See the preceding note. MALONE.

And Vol. VIII. p. 211, n. 8. REED.



And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-  
mains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee : <sup>7</sup> but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee, <sup>8</sup> that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame <sup>9</sup> seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. <sup>2</sup> But if so be

<sup>7</sup> ——— of all the men i' the world

*I would have 'voided thee :* ] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Of all men else I have avoided thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A heart of wreak in thee,* ] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

*Wreak* is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.”

Again, in Gower, *De confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83 :

“ She saith that hir selfe she sholde

“ Do *wreche* with hir own honde.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— maims

*Of shame* ——— ] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— with the spleen

*Of all the under fiends.* ] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger



Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:  
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

AUF. O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and  
say,

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive; fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“ Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

“ Out of the powerful regions *under* earth,” &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakspeare uses the word *under-skinker*, to express the *lowest* rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under fiends*. Instances, however, of “ too much refinement” are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.



And scar'd the moon<sup>3</sup> with splinters! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword;<sup>4</sup> and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath;<sup>5</sup> but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold.<sup>6</sup> Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

<sup>3</sup> *And scar'd the moon* —] [Old copy — scarr'd.] I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened*; a reading to which the following line in *King Richard III.* certainly adds some support:

“Amaze the welkin with your broken flaves.” MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. The verb to *scare* is again written *scarr*, in the old copy of *The Winter's Tale*: “They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Here I clip

*The anvil of my sword*;] To *clip* is to embrace. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Enter the city, *clip* your wives —”

Aufidius styles Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on his *anvil*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

“On Mars's armour —

“With less remorse that Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

“Now falls on Priam.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — never man

*Sigh'd truer breath*;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“I'll *sigh* celestial *breath*, whose gentle wind

“Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“Lover never yet made *sigh*

“*Truer* than I.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Bestride my threshold*.] Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman



We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy traget from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times,<sup>5</sup> and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead<sup>6</sup> with nothing. Worthy Mar-  
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that<sup>7</sup>  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat.<sup>8</sup> O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;

bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus, *Lucan*, B. II. 359:

*Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— Thou hast beat me out

*Twelve several times,*] Out here means, I believe, *full, complete.*  
 MALONE.

So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— for then thou wast not

“ Out three years old. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And wak'd half dead* —] Unless the two preceding lines be considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's concluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed differently. “*We have been down,*” must be considered as if he had written — *I have been down with you, in my sleep, and wak'd, &c.* See Vol. XVI. p. 110, n. 9; and Vol. XI. p. 9, n. 9, and p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that* —] The old copy, redundantly, and unnecessarily, —

*Had we no other quarrel else &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Like a bold flood o'er-beat.*] Though this is intelligible, and the reading of the old copy, perhaps our author wrote — *o'er-bear.* So, in *Othello*:

“ Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature —.”

STEEVENS.



Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

COR. You bless me, Gods!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. SERV. [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have  
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave  
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1. SERV. What an arm he has! He turn'd me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would  
set up a top.

2. SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1. SERV. He had so; looking, as it were,—  
'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

2. SERV. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.



1. SERV. I think, he is: but a greater foldier than he, you wot one.

2. SERV. Who? my mafter?

1. SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. SERV. Worth fix of him.

1. SERV. Nay, not fo neither; but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2. SERV. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to fay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. SERV. Ay, and for an affault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3. SERV. O, flaves, I can tell you news; news, you rafcals.

1. 2. SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

3. SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3. SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. SERV. Why do you fay, thwack our general?

3. SERV. I do not fay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

3. SERV. Come, we are fellows, and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him fay fo himfelf.

1. SERV. He was too hard for him directly, to fay the truth on't: before Corioli, he fcutch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. SERV. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — he might have broil'd and eaten him too.] The old copy reads—boil'd. The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



1. SERV. But, more of thy news?

3. SERV. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,<sup>8</sup> and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:<sup>9</sup> He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation.

MALONE.

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He'll ——— sowle the porter of Rome gate by the ears:*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Souiller, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals*. So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

“Venus will sowle me by the ears for this.”

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules dragging out Cerberus*. STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. “A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and



2. SERV. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. SERV. Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) shew themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.<sup>3</sup>

1. SERV. Directitude! What's that?

3. SERV. But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,<sup>4</sup> they will out of their

drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 138. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called to ground a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere*. \*MALONE.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> — his passage poll'd. That is bared, cleared. JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla pol'd."

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Flodden Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be polled." STEEVENS.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594:  
"— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove unruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconscionably."—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — whilst he's in directitude.] I suspect the author wrote: — whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense: but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — in blood,] See p. 216, n. 3. MALONE.



burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. SERV. But when goes this forward?

3. SERV. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. SERV. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.<sup>5</sup>

1. SERV. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.<sup>6</sup> Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,<sup>7</sup> deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *This peace is nothing, but to rust &c.]* I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:

*This peace is good for nothing but, &c.* MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—is worth nothing, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *full of vent.]* Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *mull'd,]* i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> — *than wars a destroyer of men.]* i. e. *than wars are* a destroyer of men. Our author almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*than war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. sc. i. where the second Lord says — “O, 'tis brave wars!” as we have here — “wars may be said to be a ravisher.”



2. SERV. 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. SERV. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. — They are rising, they are rising.

ALL. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace<sup>9</sup>  
And quietness o' the people, which before

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the old blundering transcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* instead of *war*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *His remedies are tame i' the present peace* —] The old reading is,  
*His remedies are tame, the present peace.*

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:  
—— *neither need we fear him;*

*His remedies are ta'en, the present peace*  
*And quietness o' the people, — —*

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.* JOHNSON.

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

*His remedies are tame,*

*i. e. ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were



Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
'Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

BRU. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
Of late.—Hail, sir!

MEN. Hail to you both!<sup>2</sup>

SIC. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,<sup>3</sup>  
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth  
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the seditious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame*; but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, designedly opposed to each other.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *In*, [i' the present peace] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Hail to you both!*] From this reply of Menenius, it should seem that *both* the tribunes had saluted him; a circumstance also to be inferred from the present deficiency in the metre, which would be restored by reading (according to the proposal of a modern editor):

*Of late.—Hail, sir!*

Bru.

Hail, sir!

Men.

*Hail to you both!*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,*] I have admitted the word—*sir*, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.



MEN. All's well; and might have been much better, if  
He could have temporiz'd.

SIC. Where is he, hear you?

MEN. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

CIT. The gods preserve you both!

SIC. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

BRU. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1. CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

SIC. Live, and thrive:

BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd  
Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

CIT. Now the gods keep you!

BOTH. TRI. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

SIC. This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

BRU. Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

SIC. And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.\*

\* ——— affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other  
suffrage. JOHNSON.



MEN. I think not so.

SIC. We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

MEN. 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for  
Rome,<sup>3</sup>  
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot  
be,

*Without assistance.]* For the sake of measure I should wish to  
read—

*Without assistance in't.*

This hemistich, joined to the following one, would then form  
a regular verse.

It is also not improbable that Shakspeare instead of *assistance* wrote  
*assistants*. Thus in the old copies of our author, we have *ingredience*  
for *ingredients*, *occurrence* for *occurents*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — flood for *Rome*,] i. e. stood up in its defence. Had the  
expression in the text been met with in a learned author, it might  
have passed for a Latinism:

— *summis flantem pro turribus Idam.* Æneid IX. 575.

STEEVENS.



The Volces dare break with us.

MEN.

Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,<sup>3</sup>  
Before you punish him, where he heard this;  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC.

Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

BRU.

Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate house: some news is come,<sup>4</sup>  
That turns their countenances.<sup>5</sup>

SIC.

'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!

<sup>3</sup> ——— reason with the fellow,] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. See Vol. IV. p. 200, n. 3. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— some news is come,] Old copy—redundantly,—some news is come in. The second folio—coming; but, I think, erroneously. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.] i. e. that renders their aspect sour. This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

“Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“It turns in less than two nights?” MALONE.

I believe nothing more is meant than—changes their countenances. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Change you, madam?

“The noble Leonatus is in safety.” STEEVENS.



Nothing but his report!

MES. Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful?

MES. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely!

BRU. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on't.

MEN. This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,<sup>6</sup>  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

MES. You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already

<sup>6</sup> ——— can no more atone, ] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To atone here, is, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite.

JOHNSON.

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following passage in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Necessitie made us see, that a common enemie sets at one a civill warre."

STEEVENS.

*Atone* seems to be derived from *at* and *one*;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form, "— to reconcile and make them at one." MALONE.



O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

COM. O, you have made good work!

MEN. What news? what news?

COM. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads<sup>6</sup> upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

MEN. What's the news? what's the news?

COM. Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.<sup>7</sup>

MEN. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

COM. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better: and they follow him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence,

Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,

Or butchers killing flies.

<sup>6</sup> — the city leads — ] Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 276. Leads were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — confin'd

Into an augre's bore. ] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — our fate hid in an augre-hole.” STEEVENS.



MEN. You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation,<sup>8</sup> and  
The breath of garlick-eaters!<sup>9</sup>

COM. He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit:<sup>2</sup> You have made  
fair work!

<sup>8</sup> Upon the voice of occupation,] Occupation is here used for mechanics, men occupied in daily business. So, again in *Julius Cæsar*, Act. I. sc. ii. "An I had been a man of any occupation," &c.

So, Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*:

*Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes*

*Infra se positas.* MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like manner, where Menenius says,

"—— you have made fair hands,

"You, and your *crafts*!" M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "—— he would mouth with a beggar, though she smell'd brown bread and *garlick*." MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

—— *quis tecum seclile porrum*

*Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit?*

And from the following passage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that garlick was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion.

"Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now; yet she has strong reason to love it: for though *garlick* made her smell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> As Hercules &c.] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.



BRU. But is this true, fir?

COM. Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt;<sup>2</sup> and, who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,<sup>3</sup>  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

MEN. We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him<sup>4</sup>  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

MEN. 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face

<sup>2</sup> *Do smilingly revolt;* ] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

*To revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,* ] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance."

The adverb — *only*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — — *they charg'd him &c.* ] Their charge or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them show like enemies. JOHNSON.

*They charg'd, and therein show'd*, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein show*. MALONE.



To say, 'Beseech you, cease.—You have made fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

COM. You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

TRI. Say not, we brought it.

MEN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles,<sup>5</sup> gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM. But, I fear  
They'll roar him in again.<sup>6</sup> Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

MEN. Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him!—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;

<sup>5</sup> *And cowardly nobles.* ] I suspect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *King John*:

“Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *They'll roar him in again.* ] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.



If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

CIT. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. CIT. For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. CIT. And so did I.

3. CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so  
did very many of us: That we did, we did for the  
best: and though we willingly consented to his  
banishment, yet it was against our will.

COM. You are goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made  
Good work, you and your cry! <sup>6</sup>—Shall us to the  
Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what else?

[ *Exeunt* COM. and MEN.

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

1. CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when  
we banish'd him.

2. CIT. So did we all. But come, let's home.  
[ *Exeunt* Citizens.

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my  
wealth

<sup>6</sup> — *you and your cry!*] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. See p. 357, n. 3. STEEVENS.

This phrase was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. II:

"A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd." STEEVENS.



Would buy this for a lie!

SIC.

Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman?

LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him;  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

AUF. I cannot help it now;  
Unless by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier<sup>7</sup>  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

LIEU. Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either  
Had borne<sup>8</sup> the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

<sup>7</sup> — more proudlier —] We have already had in this play—  
more worthier, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. i. we have more  
kinder; yet the modern editors read—more proudly.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Had borne—] The old copy reads—have borne; which cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am answerable.

MALONE.

I suppose the word—*had*, or *have*, to be alike superfluous, and that the passage should be thus regulated:



AUF. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;  
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
 Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
 Rome?

AUF. All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his:  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
 As is the osprey<sup>9</sup> to the fish, who takes it

— but either borne

*The action of yourself, or else to him*

*Had left it solely.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *As is the osprey* —] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *osprey*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile:

“ The *osprey* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
 “ Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,  
 “ But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
 “ Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
 “ They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

LANGTON.

So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

“ I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
 “ That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
 “ The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
 “ And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.”

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however,



By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether<sup>2</sup> defect of judgement,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
 peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he countroll'd the war: but, one of these,  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,<sup>3</sup>  
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance.<sup>4</sup> So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,

from Mr. Lambé's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints.

*The happy man; whether &c.*] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As he hath spices of them all, not all,*] i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— for all

" Thy by-gone fooleries were but *spices* of it." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— he has a merit,

*To choke it in the utterance.*] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.



Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.<sup>5</sup>

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights fouler,<sup>6</sup> strengths by strengths, do  
fail.

<sup>5</sup> *And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.*

This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

“ — unto itself most commendable,”

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this chair, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear “his nothings mouster’d.” But I rather believe, “in the utterance” alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends; and then the lines of Horace quoted in p. 393, may serve as a comment on the passage before us.

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, however, may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton’s interpretation:

“The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

“If that the prais’d himself bring the praise forth.”

Yet I still think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Rights by rights fouler,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity—Right’s by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. There is undoubtedly such a word in Sidney’s *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441: but it is not easily applicable to our present subject:

“Thy all-beholding eye foul’d with the sight.”

The same word likewise occurs in the following proverb—*York doth foul Sutton*—i. e. exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor. STEEVENS.

Right’s by right fouler, may well mean, “That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair.” All the short



Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,  
*and Others.*

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath  
said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,

sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them  
nonsensical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense; and would  
read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies:

*Rights by rights foul are, strengths &c.* RITSON.

*Rights by rights fouler, &c.*] These words, which are exhibited  
exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, to the  
rivalship subsisting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding  
observation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums. As one  
nail, says Aufidius, drives out another, so the strength of Coriolanus  
shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less  
fair perhaps, but more powerful. Aufidius has already declared that  
he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now  
adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him.

I suspect that the words, "Come let's away," originally com-  
pleted the preceding hemistich, "To extol what it hath done;"  
and that Shakspeare in the course of composition, regardless of  
his original train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come  
let's away*, to their present situation, to complete the rhyming  
couplet with which the scene concludes. Were these words replaced  
in what perhaps was their original situation, the passage would at  
once exhibit the meaning already given. MALONE.



A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd<sup>7</sup>  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN. Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,<sup>8</sup>  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!<sup>9</sup>

COM. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected: He reply'd,  
It was a bare petition<sup>2</sup> of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

<sup>7</sup> — coy'd — ] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — that have rack'd for Rome, ] To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

“ The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

“ Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — memory! ] for memorial. See p. 376, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> It was a bare petition — ] A bare petition, I believe, means only a mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. See Vol. IV. p. 238, n. 6. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but we should read,—

It was a base petition &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished. M. MASON.

In *King Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *base* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through; having only a slight



MEN.

Very well:

Could he say less?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard  
 For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
 Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,  
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
 And still to nose the offence.

MEN.

For one poor grain  
 Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,  
 His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the  
 grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
 Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

SIC. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your  
 aid

In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
 Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
 Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
 More than the instant army we can make,  
 Might stop our countryman.

MEN.

No; I'll not meddle.

SIC. I pray you,<sup>3</sup> go to him.

MEN.

What should I do?

BRU. Only make trial what your love can do  
 For Rome, towards Marcius.

MEN.

Well, and say that Marcius  
 Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly  
 apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, the editor of  
 the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage  
 before us perhaps *base* was the authour's word. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> I pray you, &c. ] The pronoun personal—*I*, is wanting in the  
 old copy. STEEVENS.



Unheard ; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

SIC.

Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-  
sure

As you intended well.

MEN.

I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:<sup>9</sup>  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts:<sup>2</sup> therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

BRU. You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

MEN.

Good faith, I'll prove him,

<sup>9</sup> *He was not taken well; he had not din'd: &c.]* This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See *Epist. I. ver. 127:*

“ Perhaps was sick, in love, or *had not din'd.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *our priest-like fasts:]* I am afraid, that when Shakspeare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. STEEVENS.

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. C.



Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success.<sup>3</sup> [Exit.

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold,<sup>4</sup> his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:  
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would  
do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success.* ] There could be no doubt but Menenius himself  
would soon have knowledge of his own success. The sense therefore  
requires that we should read,

Speed how it will, *you* shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. M. MASON.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his success,  
is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere long* gain that  
knowledge. MALONE.

All Menenius designs to say, may be — *I shall not be kept long in  
suspence* as to the result of my embassy. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I tell you, he does sit in gold,* ] He is enthroned in all the pomp  
and pride of imperial splendour.

—— χρυσόθρονος "Hen. Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*, " — he was set in his  
chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestie." *Shakspeare*  
has a somewhat similar idea in *King Henry VIII.* A & I.  
sc. i:

" All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:* ] This is appa-  
rently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him,  
read:

*Bound with an oath not yield to new conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly:

—— *to yield no new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something  
left out. I should read:



So, that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

—— *What he would do,  
He sent in writing after; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions. —*

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text—the reading “*in his conditions*,” instead of “*to his conditions*.”—*To yield*, in this place, means to *relax*, and is used in the same sense, in the next scene but one, by Coriolanus himself, where, speaking of Menenius, he says,

“—— to grace him only,  
“ That thought he could do more, a very little  
“ I have yielded too:”——

What Cominius means to say, is, “That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them.”

The additional negative which Hammer and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions.* M. MASON.

*What he would do*, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome's mechanicks*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows:

Cor. “—— if you'd ask, remember this before;

“ The things I have foresworn to grant, may never

“ Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

“ *Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*

“ Again with Rome's mechanicks.”—— HENLEY.

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. See Vol. XI. p. 93, n. 3. Perhaps, how-



Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country.<sup>6</sup> Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

*Exeunt.*

ever, to yield to his conditions, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring these words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> So, that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country.— — ] Unless his mother and wife—do  
what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read:

Force mercy to his country.  
and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus:

— — mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country— — Therefore, &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Menenius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read:

So that all hope is vain,  
Unless in his noble mother and his wife, &c.

In his, abbreviated in's, might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of this passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation—, You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—instead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. M. MASON.

That this passage has been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*, — his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*.

MALONE.



## S C E N E II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome.  
The Guard at their Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?

2. G. Stand, and go back.<sup>4</sup>

MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by  
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence?<sup>5</sup>

MEN. From Rome.

1. G. You may not pass, you must return: our  
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Stand, and go back.*] This defective measure might be completed by reading—Stand, and go back again. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *From whence?*] As the word—*from* is not only needless, but injures the measure, it might be fairly omitted, being probably caught by the compositor's eye from the speech immediately following. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *lots to blanks,*] A *lot* here is a *prize*. JOHNSON.

*Lot*, in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros lot. The capital prize.  
S. W.



My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1. G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your  
name

Is not here passable.

MEN.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : <sup>7</sup> I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read <sup>8</sup>  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;  
For I have ever verify'd my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity <sup>9</sup>

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. So, in the continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002 : " Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize. " The *lots* were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small ; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

*Lots to blanks* is a phrase equivalent to another in *K. Richard III.* :

" All the world to nothing. " STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The general is my lover :* ] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. VIII. p. 96, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The book of his good acts, whence men have read &c.* ] So, in *Pericles* :

" Her face the book of praises, where is read " &c.

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

" May read " &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *For I have ever verify'd my friends,*

— with all the size that verity &c. ] To *verify*, is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, he brought false witnesses to verify his title. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant to say, I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer.



Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,<sup>9</sup>  
 I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:<sup>2</sup> Therefore,  
 fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, fir, if you had told as many lies in

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished*; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in possession of the late duchess of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 279, 3d edit.

"In hys scheld did schyne a mone *verifying* her light."

STEEVENS.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is, "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — upon a subtle ground,] *Subtle* means *smooth*, *level*. So, Ben Jonson, in one of his masques:

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

*Subtle*, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*?

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — and in his praise

*Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:*] i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2. Guard.

"Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have." — *Leasing* occurs in our Translation of the Bible. See Psalm iv. 2.

HENLEY.

*Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:*] I have almost given the *lie* such a *sanction* as to render it *current*. MALONE.



his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans<sup>3</sup> of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,<sup>4</sup> or with the pallied intercession of such a decay'd dotant<sup>5</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow

<sup>3</sup> — easy groans — ] i. e. flight, inconsiderable. So, in *King Henry VI. P. II.*:

“these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — the virginal palms of your daughters, ] The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

“Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears.”

Again, in *Spenser's Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

“She to them made with mildness *virginal*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI. P. II.*:

“—tears *virginal*”

“Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — a decay'd dotant — ] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read — *dotard*. STEEVENS.



out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1. G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, — that's the utmost of your having: — back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion,<sup>4</sup> I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant<sup>5</sup> cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him,<sup>6</sup> if thou stand'st

<sup>4</sup> — — companion,] See p. 373, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — — a Jack guardant — ] This term is equivalent to one still in use — a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 341, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — — guess, but by my entertainment with him,] [Old copy — *but*] I read, *Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had proposed the same emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

The same correction had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.



not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod<sup>7</sup> about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How! away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe  
My revenge properly,<sup>8</sup> my remission lies  
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,<sup>9</sup>  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[ Gives a letter.

<sup>7</sup> — *The glorious gods sit in hourly synod &c.* ] So, in *Pericles*:

“The senate house of planets all did sit” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Though I owe*

*My revenge properly,* ] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *for I lov'd thee,* ] i. e. because. So, in *Othello*:

“— Haply, for I am black —.” STEEVENS.



And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak. — This man, Aufidius,  
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st —  
AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[ *Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

1. G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2. G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You  
know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent<sup>8</sup> for keep-  
ing your greatness back?

2. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world, nor your ge-  
neral: for such things as you, I can scarce think  
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will  
to die by himself,<sup>9</sup> fears it not from another. Let  
your general do his worst. For you, be that you  
are long; and your misery increase with your age!  
I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [ *Exit.*

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is  
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> — how we are shent —] *Shent* is brought to destruction.

JOHNSON.

*Shent* does not mean brought to destruction, but shamed, disgraced,  
made ashamed of himself. See the old ballad of *The Heir of Linne*,  
in the second volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*:

“ Sorely shent with this rebuke

“ Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;

“ His heart, I wis, was near-to braft

“ With guilt and sorrow, shame and finne. ” PERCY.

See Vol. V. p. 49, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, renders  
to *shend*, *increpo*. It is so used by many of our old writers.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — by himself,] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.



## S C E N E III.

*The Tent of CORIOLANUS.**Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-mor-  
row

Set down our host. — My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.<sup>2</sup>

AUF. Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love,<sup>3</sup> I have  
(Though I shew'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter

<sup>2</sup> — how plainly

*I have borne this business.*] That is, *how openly, how remotely*  
from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — for whose old love,] We have a corresponding expression  
in *King Lear*:

“ — to whose young love

“ The vines of France, ” &c. STEEVENS.



Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?  
[ *Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
leading young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —

What is that cur'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am  
not

Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows;  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not.* — Let the Volces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a gossling to obey instinct; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

VIRG. My lord and husband!

COR. These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

VIRG. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — — *those dove's eyes,*] So, in the Canticles, v. 12: " — his eyes are as the eyes of doves." Again, in *The Interpretacion of the names of goddes and goddessees*, &c. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde: He speaks of Venus:

" Cryspe was her skyn, her eyen Columbyne." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.*] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpre-



COR. Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.<sup>5</sup> Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans* — O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,<sup>6</sup> that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods! I prate,<sup>7</sup>  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;  
[kneels.  
Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up blest'd!  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and improperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent. [kneels.

COR. What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

tation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> COR. *Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace.*] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet:

“As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
“Who with his fear is put beside his part,—.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*] That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *I prate,*] The old copy—*I pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Othello*: “*I prattle out of fashion.*”

STEEVENS







And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,<sup>4</sup>  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

COR. The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove,<sup>5</sup> inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st  
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,<sup>6</sup>

*" Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,*

*" Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."*

Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria*, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in *The Dialogues of Creatures moralised*, bl. l. no date: "The secounde was called *Valeria*: and when inquiry was made of her for what cause she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde" &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdled*; but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All's well that ends well*.—"I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood." We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed*, *polluted with mud*.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him."

MALONE.

I believe, both *curdied*, *muddied*, &c. are mere false spellings of *curded*, *mudded*, &c. *Mudded* is spelt, as at present, in *The Tempest*, first folio, p. 13, col. 2. three lines from the bottom; and so is *craftied*, in *Coriolanus*, first fol. p. 24, col. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— epitome of yours,] I read:

—— epitome of you.

An epitome of you; which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> With the consent of supreme Jove,] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,] That is, every gulf, every storm. JOHNSON.



And saving those that eye thee!

VOL.

Your knee, firrah.

COR. That's my brave boy.

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself  
Are suitors to you.

COR.

I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;

The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my foldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

VOL.

O, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request,<sup>7</sup> the blame  
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

COR. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

VOL. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-  
ment,<sup>8</sup>

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

“ O no! it is an *ever-fixed* mark,

“ *That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That, if you fail in our request,*] That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.*] “ The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope)



And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which  
 should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
 comforts.

Constrains them weep, and shake<sup>9</sup> with fear and  
 sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

"If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his native countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemy can heape upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarry, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> Constrains them weep, and shake ———] That is, constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake. JOHNSON.



The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,  
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
 These wars determine:<sup>9</sup> if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

VIRG. Ay, and on mine,<sup>2</sup>  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

<sup>9</sup> *These wars determine*: i. e. conclude, end. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“Till thy friend sickness have determin'd me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — and on mine,] *On* was supplied by some former editor, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.



COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [rising.]

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn  
us,

As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces  
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest'd*  
*For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;*  
*Destroy'd his country; and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:  
Thou hast affected the fine strains<sup>3</sup> of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur<sup>4</sup> with a bolt

<sup>3</sup> — the fine strains —] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

<sup>\*</sup> The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, A& I. another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. VII. p. 125, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And yet to charge thy sulphur —] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, A& III. sc. i. *charge* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.



That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;  
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the  
world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me  
prate,

Like one i' the stocks. <sup>5</sup> Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:  
This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition <sup>6</sup> with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go ;  
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;  
His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance : —You give us our despatch :  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,

<sup>5</sup> *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

Does reason our petition — — ] Does argue for us and our petition.  
JOHNSON.



And then I'll speak a little.

COR.

O mother, mother!<sup>7</sup>

[ *holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard<sup>8</sup>  
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

AUF. I was mov'd withal.

COR.

I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

AUF. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy  
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

<sup>7</sup> *O mother, mother!* ] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“ Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her harde  
by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy  
victorie for your countrie, but mortal and unhappy for yoursonne:  
for I see myself vanquished by you alone.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — — *heard* — — ] is here used as a dissyllable. The modern  
editors read—*say*, would you have heard—. MALONE.

As my ears are wholly unreconciled to the dissyllabifications—  
*e-arl*, *he-ard*, &c. I continue to read with the modern editors.  
*Say*, in other passages of our author, is prefatory to a question. So,  
in *Macbeth*:

“ Say, if thou hadst rather hear it from our mouths,

“ Or from our masters'?” STEEVENS.



Myself a former fortune.<sup>9</sup>

[ *Aside.*

[ *The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

COR.

Ay, by and by ;

[ *To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

But we will drink together ;<sup>2</sup> and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you :<sup>3</sup> all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [ *Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the capitol ; yond'  
corner-stone ?

SIC. Why, what of that ?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it with  
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of  
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.

<sup>9</sup> — I'll work

*Myself a former fortune.* ] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — drink together ; ] Perhaps we should read—*think*.

FARMER.

Our author, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. having introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation :

“ Let's *drink together* friendly, and embrace — ;”

the text may be allowed to stand ; though at the expence of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To have a temple built you :* ] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.



But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.<sup>4</sup>

SIC. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He lov'd his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.<sup>5</sup> The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,<sup>6</sup> as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SIC. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you?

SIC. The gods be good unto us!

<sup>4</sup> ——— *stay upon execution.* ] i. e. stay but for it. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *than an eight year old horse.* ] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *He sits in his state, &c.* ] In a foregoing note he was said to sit in gold. The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander,* means, *as one made to resemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

His *state* means his *chair of state.* See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 405, n. 4; and Vol. XI. p. 156, n. 4. MALONE.



MEN. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respect-ed not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MES. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

SIC. What's the news?

MES. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC. Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

MES. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted throrough the gates,<sup>6</sup> Why, hark  
you;

[ *Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates, ]* So, in our author's *Rape  
of Lucrece*:

“ *As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste.* ”



The trumpets, sackbuts, pfalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the fun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

MEN. This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!  
[*Shouting and musick.*

SIC. First, the gods blefs you for your tidings:  
next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

MES. Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city?

MES. Almost at point to enter.

SIC. We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [Going.

*Blown* in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — here on her breast

" There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch.

MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

" My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide."

STEEVENS.



*Enter the ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,  
and People. They pass over the stage.*

1. SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before  
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

ALL. Welcome, ladies!  
Welcome!

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Antium. A public Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

AUF. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,<sup>6</sup>  
The city ports<sup>7</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

<sup>6</sup> ——— Him I accuse, &c. ] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ I am appointed him to murder you.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read — He I accuse —.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— ports ——— ] See p. 249, n. 7. STEEVENS.



*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.*

Most welcome !

1. CON. How is it with our general ?

AUF. Even so,

As with a man by his own aims empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2. CON. Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell ;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. CON. The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it ;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dew's of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. CON. Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

AUF. That I would have spoke of :  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;  
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;  
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish  
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments



In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his;<sup>8</sup> and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,<sup>9</sup> as if  
I had been mercenary.

1. CON. So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory, —

AUF. There was it;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd<sup>2</sup> upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

<sup>8</sup> Which he did end all his; ] In Johnson's edition it was, "Which he did make all his," which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

End is the reading of the old copy, and was changed into make by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> He wag'd me with his countenance, ] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to wage, is used in this sense in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, by Heywood, 1638:

" — I receive thee gladly to my house,

" And wage thy stay." —

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: " — by custom common to all that could wage her honesty with the appointed price."

To wage a task was, anciently, to undertake a task for wages. So, in George Withers's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" Good speed befall thee who hast wag'd a task,

" That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

" — must wage

" Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168: " — the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and wage thirtie thousand men." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> For which my sinews shall be stretch'd — ] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.



As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts  
of the people.]*

1. CON. Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2. CON. And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
With giving him glory.

3. CON. Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he exprefs himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword;  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

AUF. Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

LORDS. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have not deserv'd it,  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?<sup>3</sup>

LORDS. We have.

1. LORD. And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,

<sup>3</sup> *What I have written to you?* ] If the unnecessary words—to  
you, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the metre  
will become sufficiently regular:

*What I have written?*

Lords.

*We have.*

1. Lord.

*And grieve to hear it.*

STEVENS;



Might have found easy fines: but there to end,  
 Where he was to begin; and give away  
 The benefit of our levies, answering us  
 With our own charge;<sup>3</sup> making a treaty, where  
 There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd  
 of Citizens with him.*

COR. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
 No more infected with my country's love,  
 Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
 Under your great command. You are to know,  
 That prosperously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
 home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the Antiates,  
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,  
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;  
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor!—How now?—

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

COR. Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou  
 think

<sup>3</sup> ——— answering us

With our own charge;] That is, rewarding us with our own  
 expences; making the cost of war its recompense. JOHNSON.



I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt,<sup>4</sup> your city Rome  
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

COR. Ha!

AUF. No more.<sup>5</sup>

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave  
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must  
bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

1. LORD. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

COR. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!

<sup>4</sup> For certain drops of salt,] For certain tears. So, in *King Lear*:

“Why this would make a man, a man of salt.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Auf. No more.] This should rather be given to the *first lord*.  
It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation.

TYRWHITT.



If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

AUF.

Why, noble lords.

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

CON. Let him die for't. [*several speak at once.*

CIT. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,  
do it presently. He kill'd my son;—my daughter;  
—He kill'd my cousin Marcus;—He kill'd my  
father.—

2. LORD. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth.<sup>5</sup> His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.<sup>6</sup>—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

COR.

O, that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

AUF.

Insolent villain!

CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill  
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands  
on him.]

<sup>5</sup> — — his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth.] His fame overspreads the world.

JOHNSON.

So, before:

“The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — — judicious hearing.] Perhaps judicious, in the present instance, signifies judicial; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus imperious is used by our author for imperial. STEEVENS.



LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. LORD. O Tullus,—

2. LORD. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.

3. LORD. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet;

Put up your swords.

AUF. My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1. LORD. Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.<sup>7</sup>

2. LORD. His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *that ever herald*

*Did follow to his urn.*] This allusion is to a custom unknown,  
I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of  
English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the  
style of the deceased. STEEVENS.



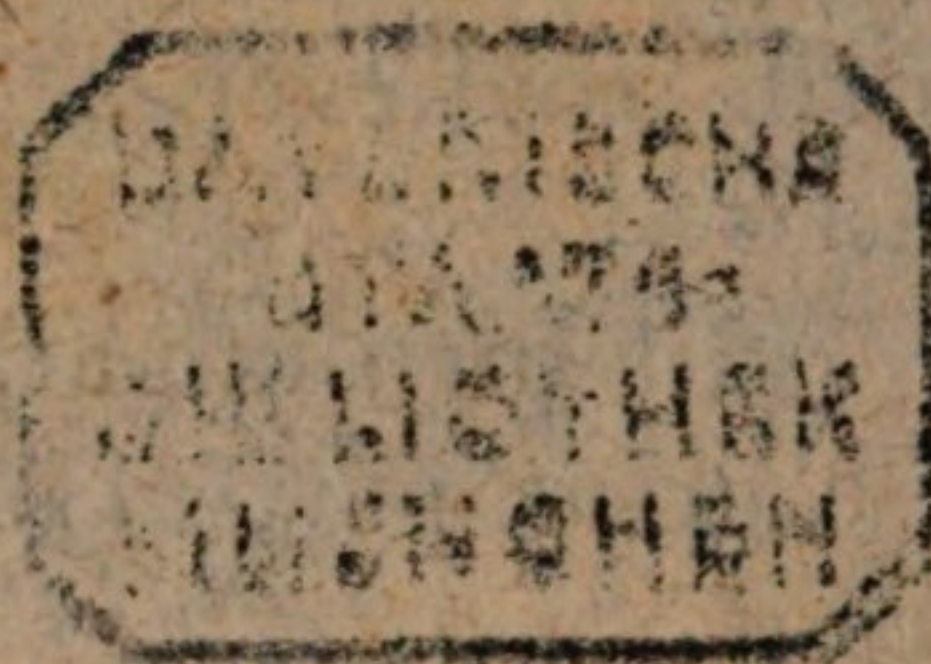
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.<sup>8</sup> —

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A  
dead march sounded.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — a noble memory. ] *Memory for memorial*, See p. 673, n. 6.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.





















Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel / Steevens, George,

The Plays of William Shakespeare with the corrections and illustrations of  
various commentators, to which are added notes

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